

Silver Screen

January

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in England

PRISCILLA TURNER'S
ADVICE TO ALL
HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS!

Priscilla Lane

WHAT GOES ON IN HOLLYWOOD FITTING ROOMS



Thrill

Your Friends



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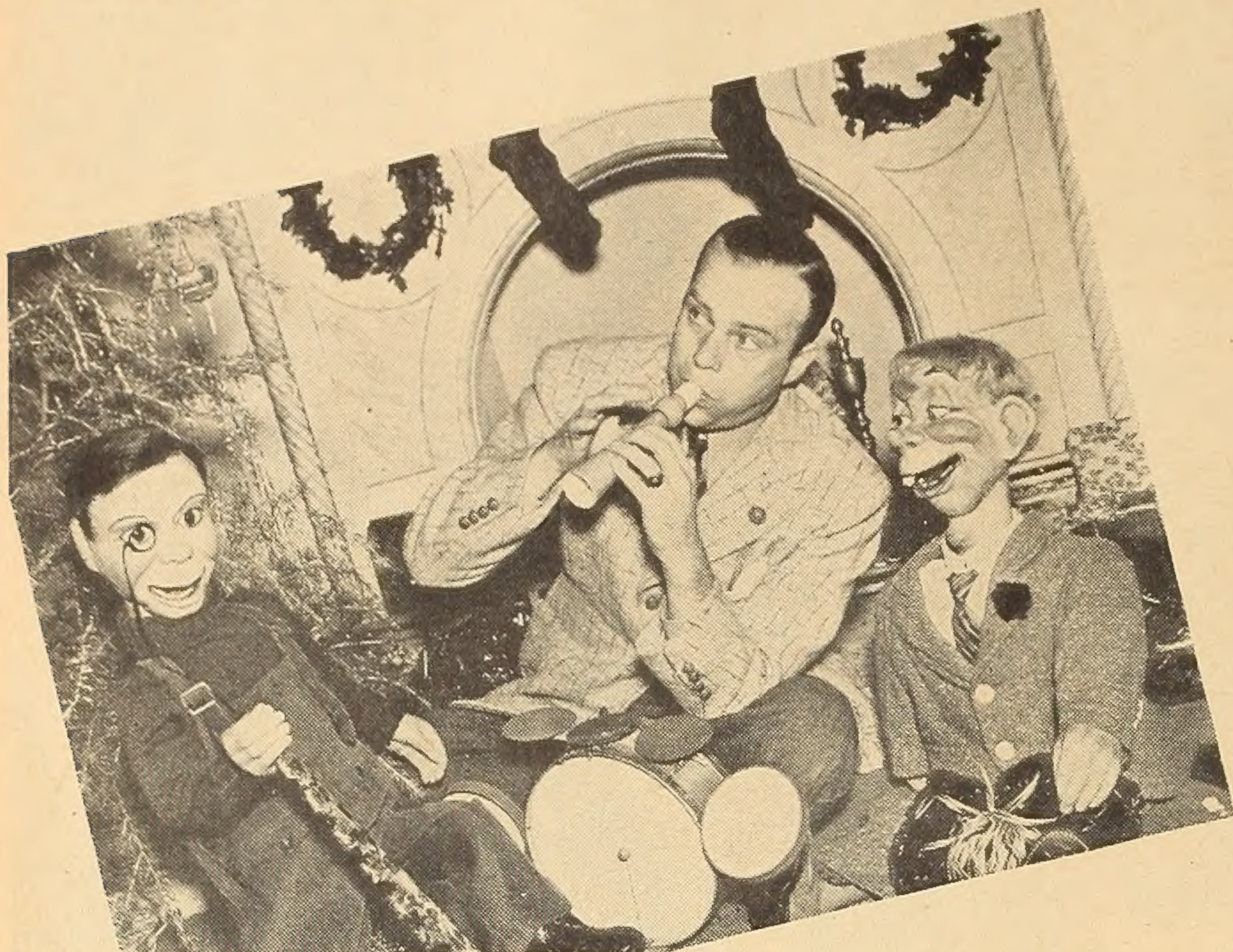


IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Hollywood Whispers



Like the rest of us, Jeanette MacDonald and Joan Crawford like to hear what's new



Above: Edgar Bergen with Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd get the jump on Kris Kringle and have a pre-Christmas party. The three are soon to be seen in "Charlie McCarthy, Detective." Lower right: Jerry (Pop Eyes) Colonna accompanies himself on the guitar and it just about splits poor Judy Garland's ear drums. Both are on Bob Hope's radio program.



Marlene Dietrich throws dignity to the winds, for a refreshing change, in Universal's "Destry Rides Again."

POR Cesar Romero, usually cast as a "heavy," very rarely gets to kiss a Glamour Girl on the screen. In fact, Cesar will bitterly tell you that he hasn't kissed a gal on the screen since he kissed Marlene Dietrich four years ago in "The Devil Is a Woman"—which is a hell of a long time between kisses. But the other day he got a break. The script called for him to kiss luscious-looking Virginia Field, but passionately, for a scene in "The Adventurer and the Lady." It happened on the hottest day of Southern California's sensational hot spell (*a mere 107 in the shade*), but Cesar gave it his all. When Virginia came up for air, she fanned herself and muttered, "Whew, it's too hot for sex."

Ann Sothorn knows exactly what she is going to buy for herself the next time she gets her option picked up! A high fence! One Sunday morning recently she decided that she would putter about in the garden in the back of her new home in Beverly Hills. So without bothering with hair, make-up, or anything, and in her oldest and sloppiest slacks Ann rooted and up-rooted and dug and pruned for hours. Finally she stretched herself out on the grass for a brief rest and discovered to her horror a photographer with a candid camera casually peering over the bushes at her. Ann gets goose pimples when she thinks what those pictures are going to look like.

Everybody to his own taste, and Lupe Velez' taste in dogs is for the little shivering hairless chihuahuas. She has one named Mr. Kelly who accompanies her in the crook of her arm wherever she goes, and practically shivers Lupe's friends into nervous wrecks. One of Lupe's friends, wishing to be polite, stroked the little fellow the other day and said, "And how is Mr. Kelly today?" "That," said Lupe with great dignity, "is not Mr. Kelly. That is Mrs. Kelly. I bought him a wife!"

Rosalind Russell says that her engagement which was announced in the Hollywood columns recently is all a mistake. "I was wearing a huge diamond ring to be sure," said Rosalind, "but it belonged to the studio property department. I wore it in one of the scenes in my picture and forgot to return it before I left for dinner at the Derby. How did I know all the columnists were going to parade past my table and get ideas? If I'm engaged to anyone it's the prop department."

[Continued on page 15]



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Silver Screen

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CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

	PAGE
WILL BETTE AND SPENCE WIN AGAIN?.....Ed SULLIVAN	16
<i>Or has the competition for the 1939 Academy Awards been too great?</i>	
LANA TURNER'S ADVICE TO ALL HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS!	
GLADYS HALL	22
<i>The new sensation gives it in intimate, as-one-girl-to-another fashion!</i>	
WHAT GOES ON IN HOLLYWOOD FITTING ROOMS!....JERRY ASHER	24
<i>Surprising things happen when actresses lose their temper and dignity</i>	
IT'S IN THE STARS FOR PAULETTE.....ELIZABETH WILSON	26
<i>Astrology and good performances forecast stardom for Paulette Goddard</i>	
STILL LAUGHING AT LOVE.....MAUD CHEATHAM	36
<i>Dan Cupid hasn't pierced Sonja Henie yet, but the time will come, she hopes</i>	
TRY ANYTHING ONCE!.....JACK HOLLAND	38
<i>That's James Cagney's advice and he's followed it himself to success</i>	
THE INSIDE INFO ON JIMINY CRICKET.....RONALD BRYANT	42
<i>The new Walt Disney character in "Pinocchio" which promises to become as famous as Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck</i>	
MOTHER CONFIDES ABOUT JANE.....BEN MADDOX	44
<i>The mother of Jane Withers discusses her daughter's becoming an adolescent</i>	
IT COST A FORTUNE!.....	47
<i>It takes more than time and patience to make a full-length cartoon feature like "Gulliver's Travels"</i>	
A STORY I COULDN'T TELL TILL NOW! ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSON	52
<i>The first of a series of true life experiences of Hollywood celebrities</i>	

PICTORIAL FEATURES

COWBOY AND COWGIRL.....	35
<i>Proving that Robert Taylor and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, are real ranchers</i>	
PROFILE OF OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND.....	40
<i>Our staff photographer, Gene Lester, spends an eventful day with Olivia</i>	

MONTHLY FEATURES

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS.....	4
<i>Intimate items about your favorites</i>	
THE OPENING CHORUS.....	5
<i>Liza gives an amusing slant on Christmas presents</i>	
TIPS ON PICTURES.....	8
<i>An accurate, right-to-the-point guide of what to see and what to miss</i>	
CHECKING ON THEIR COMMENTS.....FREDERICK JAMES SMITH	10
<i>The stars may say one thing and mean another, so let's check up and see</i>	
CHRISTMAS STOCKING-FILLERS AND TREASURES FOR HER TREE	
MARY LEE	12
<i>Our beauty department offers intriguing Xmas suggestions</i>	
TOPICS FOR GOSSIP.....	19
<i>The latest news of the players in print and pictures</i>	
WE POINT WITH PRIDE.....	34
<i>To Joan Blondell!</i>	
REVIEWS.....	46
<i>The virtues and vices of all the new pictures</i>	
LOVELY LADY IN FURS.....	48
<i>Featuring Barbara Stanwyck in exclusive fashions</i>	
PICTURES ON THE FIRE!.....DICK MOOK	54
<i>Advance reports on films in production and chats with the players in them</i>	

ART GALLERY

NAN GREY AND ROBERT PRESTON.....	28-29
ILONA MASSEY AND ADOLPHE MENJOU.....	30-31
ALLURE IN ALL ITS SPLENDOR.....	32-33

COVER PORTRAIT OF PRISCILLA LANE BY MARLAND STONE

The Opening Chorus

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

Well, here we are with Christmas right around the corner again and me on my way to the five-and-ten to do my Christmas shopping. I'm probably only getting into Mr. Claus's hair, but if he wants to know what to bring the movie boys and girls in Hollywood this year I can certainly be Santa's little helper. A bracelet in gold and emeralds from Cartiers is all right, of course, and a snappy new Duesenberg dripping in chromium isn't to be sneezed at—but there are other things that will be far more appreciated, believe me. If Santa Claus really wants to be nice about it he should bring John Wayne another "Stagecoach," and Hedy Lamarr another "Algiers." Gene Raymond could certainly do with some good publicity for a change. It's really criminal how Gene, a swell all-right guy with a grand sense of humor, has been kicked about by the Press lately.

And Santa can just cancel those sables he has for Joan Blondell right now, and bring her instead the role of May Flavin in the picture that is being adapted from Myron Brinig's book of the same name. Metro owns "May Flavin," but I am sure Santa could do a little finagling with Mr. Mayer—it would make Joan the happiest gal in Hollywood. Even better than a new tractor the Clark Gables would like to have a chance to take their honeymoon—first there was "Gone With the Wind," which just wouldn't get finished, and then Carole had to have an emergency appendectomy, and then they both had to do another picture. Those grand orchestra leaders, Roger Pryor and Tony Martin, would like to have picture contracts, not because they are particularly crazy about smearing themselves with grease-paint, but because they want to live in Hollywood with their adored wives, Ann Sothorn and Alice Faye, and can you blame them! I wish the Old Guy with the Whiskers could get around to giving Nancy Carroll a "comeback." A swell actress, but golly, she got awful breaks. Much more than a new mink coat Ann Sheridan would appreciate less *oomph* and better parts in pictures.

And how about Santa finding a good comedy script for Harold Lloyd whose hilarious antics on the screen are just what we need these days? And every movie exhibitor who refuses to run double features ought to get a nice big box of Corona-Coronas. It would be grand if Santa could arrange to have one of Bette Davis' pictures end happily for a change. And me—oh, I really don't want much for myself. I'm strictly the unselfish type. But if Santa feels that he just must give me something, I would be perfectly content on Christmas morning to find Clark Gable in one stocking and Tyrone Power in the other.

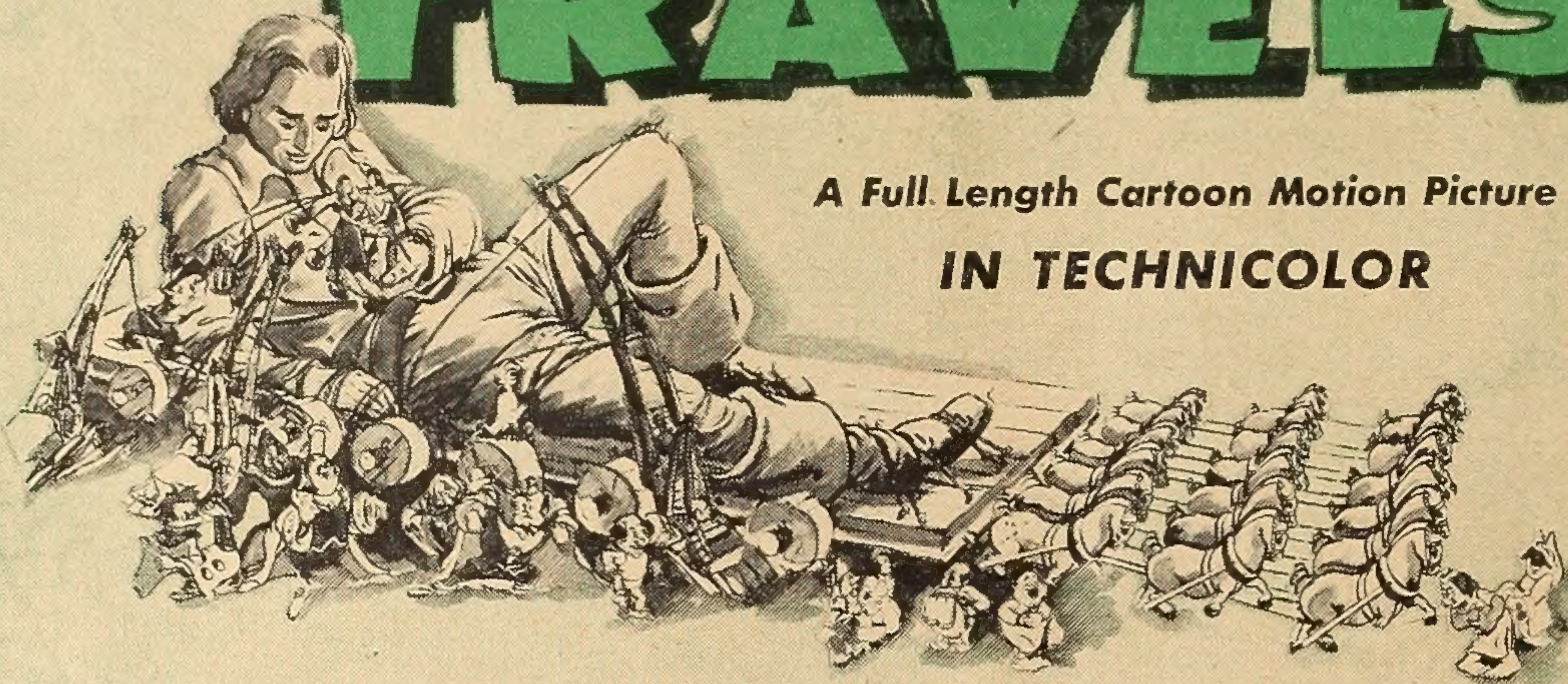
Liza

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PARAMOUNT'S Romance of Love . . . Laughter and High Adventure!

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A Full Length Cartoon Motion Picture
IN TECHNICOLOR



Adventure with the shipwrecked Gulliver among the tiny people of Lilliput land...25,000 of them.



Gabby,
the town crier.

Laugh till your sides ache at the antics of Gabby, the town crier, the little fellow who discovered the giant Gulliver but couldn't find himself in the dark.



Sneak, Snoop,
and Snitch.



Prince David and Princess Glory.

Meet King Little and his terrible tempered rival, King Bombo. Meet the charming Princess Glory and her brave lover, Prince David . . . hear them sing their love songs, "Forever" and "Faithful."

See the tiny Lilliputian horses drag the giant to King Little's castle. See Gulliver, single-handed, capture the entire Lilliputian battle fleet!



King Little and King Bombo.



Twinkletoes.

Thrill to those three spies, Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch. Meet Twinkletoes, the carrier pigeon . . . Meet them all . . . laugh with them . . . sing with them eight never-to-be-forgotten Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger songs: "Faithful Forever," "Bluebirds in the Moonlight," "I Hear a Dream," "It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day,"* "All's Well," "We're All Together Now," "Faithful," "Forever."

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE • PRODUCED BY MAX FLEISCHER • DIRECTED BY DAVE FLEISCHER

AND A VERY MARY (MARTIN) NEW YEAR!



"I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOME ONE" ...

• **THE GREAT MARY** ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy") **MARTIN** ... as the singing sweetheart of Victor Herbert's Broadway... Allan Jones, as the star who means it when he sings "Kiss Me Again" to Mary... The Great Victor Herbert's most familiar melodies as the glorious background for a love story as romantic as yesterday, as real as today.

"A KISS IN THE DARK" ...

"KISS ME AGAIN" ... "THINE ALONE" ...

"SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE" ...

"GYPSY LOVE SONG" ...

"THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT"

A Paramount Picture with

Allan Jones • Mary Martin • Walter Connolly

Lee Bowman • Judith Barrett • Susanna Foster • Produced and Directed by **ANDREW L. STONE**
Screen Play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively • Based on a story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone

Tips on Pictures

The ones to see and
the ones to miss!



BEWARE, SPOOKS! (Columbia)—Amusing. A Joe E. Brown farce with Joe playing a rookie cop who gets in wrong on his wedding day when he permits a killer to escape. From then on he manages quite neatly to get himself mixed up in various sordid affairs until finally he is fired and has time to go off honeymooning with wife, Mary Carlisle.

BAD LITTLE ANGEL (MGM)—Good. This is what might be called a conversation piece—in other words it's quaint and charming. The time is 1880, the locale a small town in New Jersey, with Virginia Weidler, a bible-reading orphan who believes that she's a hoodoo to her series of foster parents. Prominent in the cast are Guy Kibbee, Ian Hunter, Lois Wilson, Gene Reynolds, Reginald Owen and Elizabeth Patterson.

DANCING CO-ED (MGM)—Good. The luscious Lana Turner has her first starring role in this story of a professional dancer who is "planted" in a university when a contest to select the most talented co-ed is given nation-wide publicity. When Lana meets Richard Carlson, who edits "her college's newspaper," she gets a change of heart and lets Ann Rutherford win the contest. This is as light and gay as the morning.

DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT, THE (RKO)—Good. Joe (wanna buy a duck) Penner plays a cab driver who, among all his buddies, is the only one who doesn't gamble on the ponies. So, you can imagine the fun when Joe is chosen to go to Kentucky and buy them a racing pony of their own. Joe's choice is a nag who can't run unless he has an alcoholic drink—and for honest-to-goodness "belly" laughs you must see the race he wins. (Betty Grable, Tom Kennedy.)

DISPUTED PASSAGE (Paramount)—Good. Lloyd C. Douglas, who also authored *The Magnificent Obsession* and

Above: Victor McLaglen having a gay evening with a sizzling senorita in "Rio." Lower right: Lana Turner and Artie Shaw in "Dancing Co-Ed," one of the season's livelier films.

The Green Light, wrote the novel from which this story of life in a medical college is filmed. Akim Tamiroff is splendid as the Viennese physician whose life is wrapped up in his work, John Howard is fine as the student, and Dorothy Lamour is passable as the American girl reared in China.

ESPIONAGE AGENT (Warner Brothers)—Fine. So timely is this story of the foreign spy ring preying on industries and the morale of the American people, it is like a glaring headline in the morning's newspaper. It is exciting, informative, romantic! Jeffrey Lynn and Joel McCrea play young Washington diplomats, and Brenda Marshall, an attractive newcomer, a counter-espionage spy.

ETERNALLY YOURS (United Artists)—Fine. A beautifully produced, artistically directed film with a plot that is lighter than gossamer, but thoroughly charming throughout. In it we have David Niven in the role of a sensational magician who whisks Loretta Young right out of the arms of her fiance, Broderick Crawford, into his own and into

what turns out to be the "maddest marriage of the century." (C. Aubrey Smith, Billie Burke.)

EVERYTHING'S ON ICE (RKO)—Fair. Sonja Henie's only cinema rival so far is little Irene Dare who certainly knows what to do when she puts on a pair of skates and gets out on the ice. The story surrounding Irene's first screen effort is not so good as her skating, but it has a cast of sure-fire comedians including Roscoe Karns, Edgar Kennedy and George Meeker, who furnish laughs enough to forget the plot.

FAST AND FURIOUS (MGM)—Fair. This starts out to be one of those offshoots of *THE THIN MAN* ideas, but the plot finally succeeds in bogging down all the lightness, all the charming goofiness it started out with. Franchot Tone and Ann Sothorn make a good husband and wife team, but both deserve a better break.

HEAVEN WITH A BARBED WIRE FENCE (20th Century-Fox)—Good. Although there are no big marquee names in this film, it stands up nicely on its own



SILVER SCREEN

account since it has a good story, good direction, and, more important, an *idea*. The story concerns a hitch-hiker, thumbing his way to Arizona where he owns a worthless ranch, and the human derelicts he befriends on the way. In the cast are Marjorie Rambeau and Jean Rogers.

HONEYMOON IN BALI (*Paramount*)—Fine. A very gay, casual, and charming story is unfolded, with Madeleine Carroll playing the beautiful vice-president of a large New York department store who believes that independence and freedom mean more to a woman than love and marriage till she meets Fred MacMurray.

HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, THE (*United Artists*)—Fair. A broad farce, mixing up in one dish the newspaper game and the gangster racket. It all depends on the mood you're in, but we'd advise you to take it for all the laughs you can get. Laughs are a bit hard to get these days. Joan Bennett plays the title role, Peggy Wood is her mother, John Hubbard her heart interest and Adolphe Menjou and Bill Gargan two dizzy newspaper men.

MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE (*Monogram*)—Excellent. This is straight, uncompromising drama, superbly directed and acted. The entire action takes place in a state penitentiary and the nucleus of the plot is an actual prison riot that took place about ten years ago. Charles Bickford is splendid as the kindly priest who tries to keep alive the spirit of men reduced from names to numbers, and the supporting roles are equally well cast.

RAINS CAME, THE (*20th Century-Fox*)—Excellent. Adapted from the best-selling novel of the same name, this has been turned into an equally popular film. Myrna Loy plays the role of the wealthy and spoiled English society woman who meets up with a former beau (*George Brent*) in India just before the rains come, devastating the land and also the lives of our principal protagonists. Fine cast includes Tyrone Power, Brenda Joyce, and Maria Ouspenskaya.

RIO (*Universal*)—Good. If it's melodrama you've been seeking, here it is in abundance, with the plot leading straight from gay Paree to a dismal penal colony in South America. Basil Rathbone is the prisoner in Rio, with the exotic Sigrid Gurie as his wife and Victor McLaglen as his best friend, and the entire plot hinges on Basil's dramatic escape.

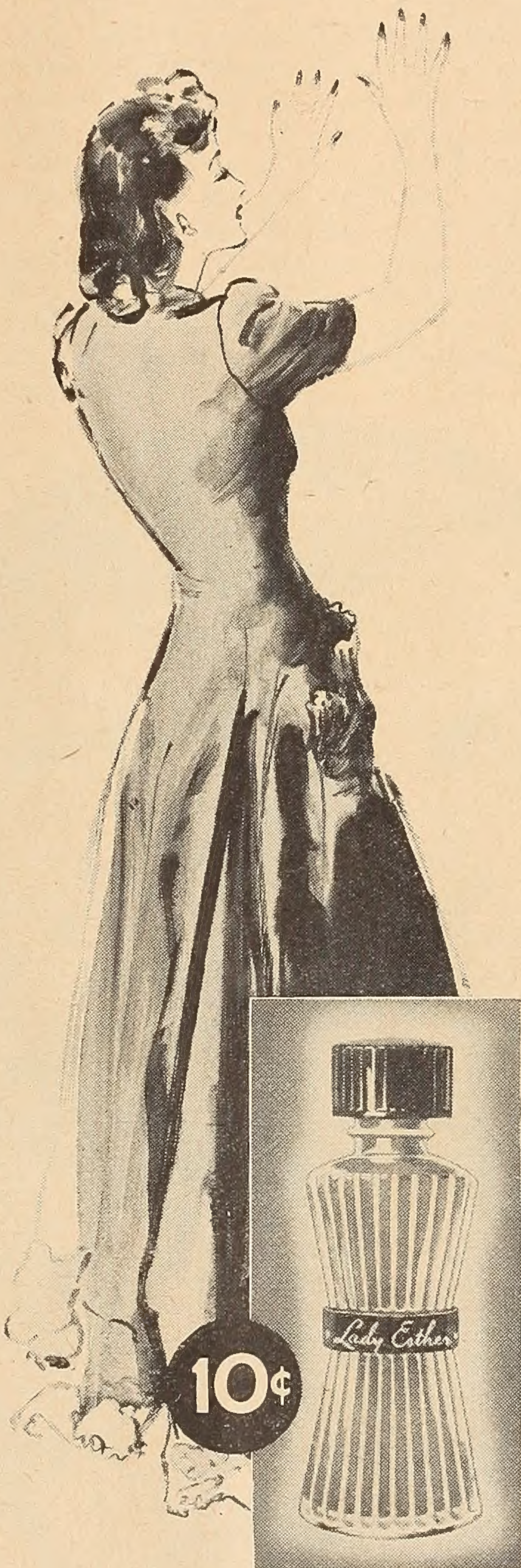
RULERS OF THE SEA (*Paramount*)—Fine. About a hundred years ago two Scotsmen, one old, one young, had a brilliant idea that one day the Atlantic would be crossed by steam boats instead of sail boats and together they worked out their imaginative vision into a definite reality. Their stirring story is told here in intensely dramatic fashion, with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Will Fyffe and Margaret Lockwood playing the principal roles.

WOMEN, THE (*MGM*)—Excellent. If you want to make an impression on a man, girls, better leave him home when you see this brutally frank satire on your own sex. Of course, if they really love you, they'll know that *you* couldn't be like that. *Oh, no!* However, you'll both have fun when watching the absolutely amazing antics of this group of society women played to perfection by Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Fontaine, Joan Crawford and Paulette Goddard.

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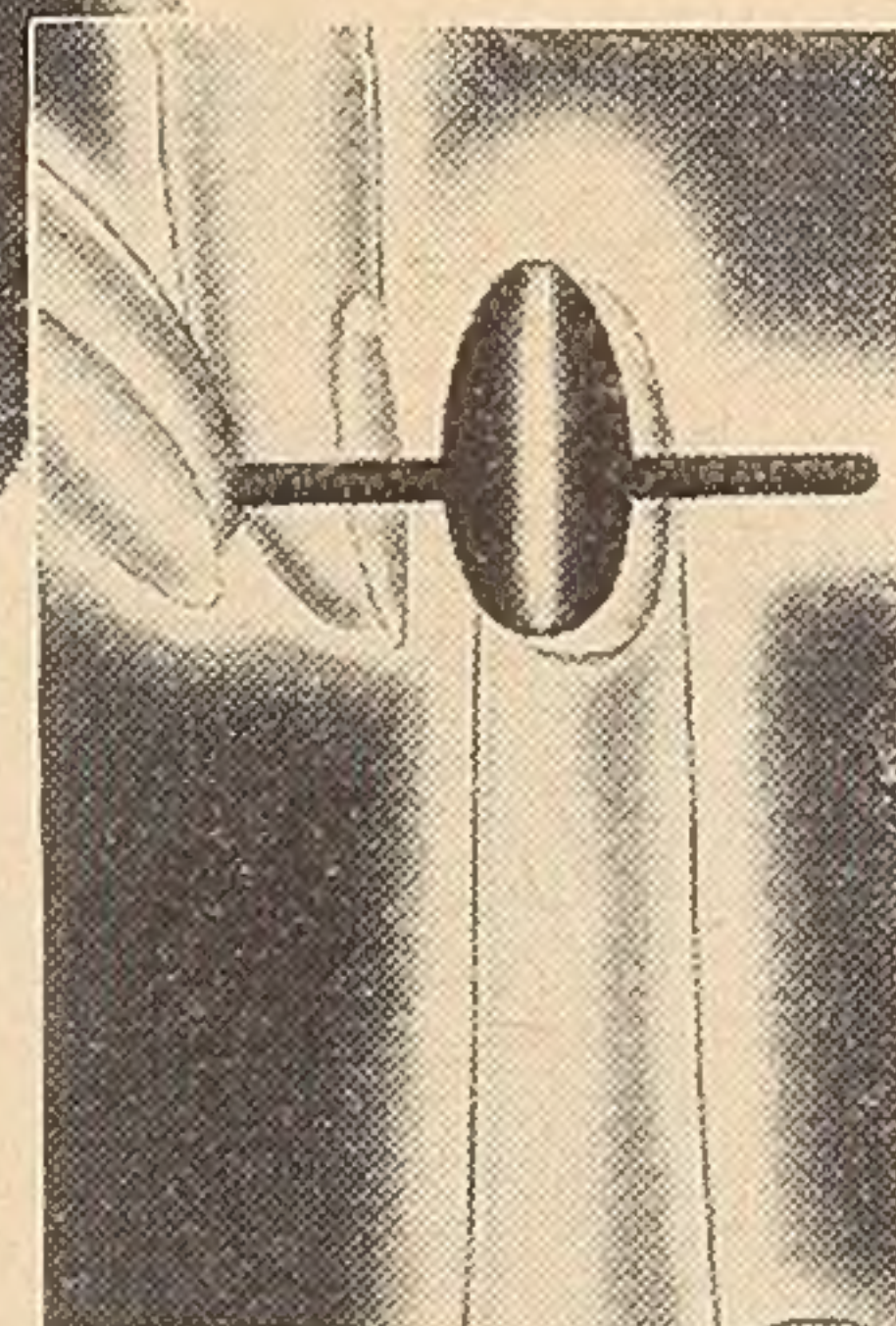
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Checking on *Their* Comments

By

Frederick James Smith

The stars may say one thing and mean another, so let's read between lines and see

FRANK CAPRA says he was a bit worried about how official Washington would receive his "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." There was a swank premiere before the National Press Club and political Washington, if we may believe reports, was a bit annoyed. The underlying theme perturbed some of the senators, some of the Congressional representatives, even one or two newspaper men. But let Capra tell the story—

"Thank God this is a democracy with freedom of speech. You can tell a story without fear. My theme was one of an honest boy bucking dishonest politicians and, being in America, I could tell it as honestly as I knew how.

"You say that I get a feeling of sustained excitement into a picture, similar to the successful old silent films. I try, I know. If I hit any measure of that, it's because one man follows the picture all the way through. The film is never jammed up with too many minds.

"What is the background for a successful director? I can only say that mine was least suited. I worked my way up from selling papers in order to get to the California Institute of Technology. I worked my way through, too. I'm a graduate engineer,

"I know of no two stars who enjoy working together more than Bill Powell and I," says Myrna Loy. Below: "People keep staring at me for oomph symptoms," laments misunderstood Ann Sheridan.

not exactly a preparation for manufacturing entertainment. But, after the first World War, there was no work for me. I'd always been interested in writing. In fact, I had planned ultimately to write popular scientific books. Not able to get anywhere with that idea, I drifted into pictures.

"I like Mr. Smith best of my pictures, I think. I realize that I failed with *Lost Horizon*. It didn't come off and some day I'd like to remake it. It was my fault entirely. I wasn't ready to tell that kind of story. I'm really only at home in the American scene, with people I know.

"What will the war do to pictures? Since the foreign market is gone, it will force a cut in production costs, probably. That ought to make films better. Not so many bad ones will be made. With less

to spend, studios will be more careful about ideas. The trend will be toward entertainment, rather than lavishness. Sure, the war will help. A kick in the pants is good for any art now and then. Another good thing about hard times in any art—it automatically strikes out incompetents."

Capra hits upon the keynote of his success when he tells how he worked his way up from a newsboy. He knows life. He understands humanity. And he's right when he says that too many bosses ruin a picture. That's why his pictures possess the sustained gusto of the old time silent successes.

WHAT'S it feel like to be the national Oomph girl? I asked Ann Sheridan and, in spite of a bad cold, she worked up quite a visible little sinus indignation. In a moment she speaks huskily for herself. First let me repeat how it all started. It seems that Walter Winchell happened to mention that Ann had umph. Winchell spelled it that way. Taking his cue, the Warner publicity chieftain, Bob Taplinger, transformed her into the nation's Oomph girl. Now let Miss Oomph speak—

"Tired of oomph? Of course, I am. People keep staring at me for oomph symptoms. They expect some sort of demonstration at any moment. I can just say one thing—whatever it is, if you haven't got it, don't get it. Naturally, I appreciate the publicity. It did a lot for me. No-

"I like Mr. Smith best of my pictures, I think," declares genial Director Frank Capra. "I realize that I failed with *Lost Horizon*. It didn't come off and some day I'd like to remake it. I wasn't ready."



body much had heard of me in crowded Hollywood. But it made the going tough. People expect you to radiate sex. Only the other day an amateur song writer mailed me a melody dedicated to me: 'I'm Crazy About This Oomphy Girl of Mine.' Fans wait outside the hotel and say, 'Just sign a photo 'The Oomph Girl.'

"I wanted to see New York, but with the title of Oomph Girl I had to stick to the exclusive night spots. You know, places like El Morocco, the Stork Club and so on. And all the time I was longing to see the Brooklyn Bridge, to check on the Statue of Liberty and go up to the top of the Empire State Building. But that sort of hick curiosity is barred to an oomph girl.

"Ambitious? Sure. I'd like to learn to act. Some time I would like to be one tenth as good as Bette Davis. Then maybe I can live down that oomph."

As soon as my typewriter cools a bit (Mention of oomph does that to the old machine), I want to tell Ann that she shouldn't worry about acting. Who cares? She's pretty and, in spite of her protests, I can't believe she hates the oomph title. Oomph, or It or something akin, has turned empires upside down through the ages. And I've seen Ann melt such cynics as hardboiled publicity men and motorcycle escorts right under my eyes. Which proves, if anything, that publicity men believe their own phrases and cops are just human.

THESE being desperate days, the great movie public wants to laugh—

desperately. In ordinary run-of-the-basket years, Myrna Loy's playing of the worldly wife in search of emotional adventure in Louis Bromfield's *The Rains Came* would have been hailed as fine acting. But mimic cataclysms such as sex on the loose, earthquakes and floods roll off the public knife like peas these days. The public has its own Grade A cataclysm knocking at the door. So it awaits Myrna's return to comedy with Bill Powell. Says Myrna hopefully—

"Working with William Powell again is like visiting your home town after a long absence. For a brief moment, everything seems unusual and then suddenly you are right back in tune with all the familiar surroundings.

"I know of no two stars who enjoy working together more than Bill and I. On the screen, it is natural teamwork. Off screen, it is the meeting of two kindred senses of humor. The gags we've sprung on one another have been widely publicized. They are all true and the reported fun we've had is equally true. I need only remind you that people don't kid persons they don't like.

"From the time we breezed through what we thought was a 'nice little picture' in 1934 and discovered that 'The Thin Man' was a box-office hit, until we finished *Double Wedding* just two years ago, we've made six pictures together. Working as a team has become more than second nature—it is now the normal thing.

"When Bill became ill, our movie partnership was temporarily dissolved. But

not our friendship; my husband and I probably have no dearer friend than Bill. So, there was no 'long lost' renewal of friendship when we started 'Another Thin Man.' But there was genuine excitement and pleasure when I did my first scene again as Bill's screen wife."

Anyway, Myrna is back in her home town—comedy. And the public should forget her interlude. Our own liking of Myrna centers in the fact that she is true movie, entirely an outgrowth of pictures. I like to see our own film gals make good. I'm old fashioned like that. That's why I always have a cheer for the Crawfords, the Shearers and the rest of the real Hollywood nobility.

ILONA MASSEY faces her real test in the forthcoming Nelson Eddy musical film, "Balalaika." The producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, had enough faith in her to give her almost two years of preparation. Which is extraordinary, in itself. But nothing really means anything, except your approval. And Ilona is awaiting your verdict. Let's let her tell her hopes—

"Three years ago I saw Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in 'Maytime.' It was one of the few movies I had ever seen. At the time I had been singing for two years in the Staats Opera in Vienna. 'Maytime' spurred my ambition to come to America. I cannot remember how many times I saw the picture, it was so often.

"I read everything I could find about America and Hollywood. I dreamed of

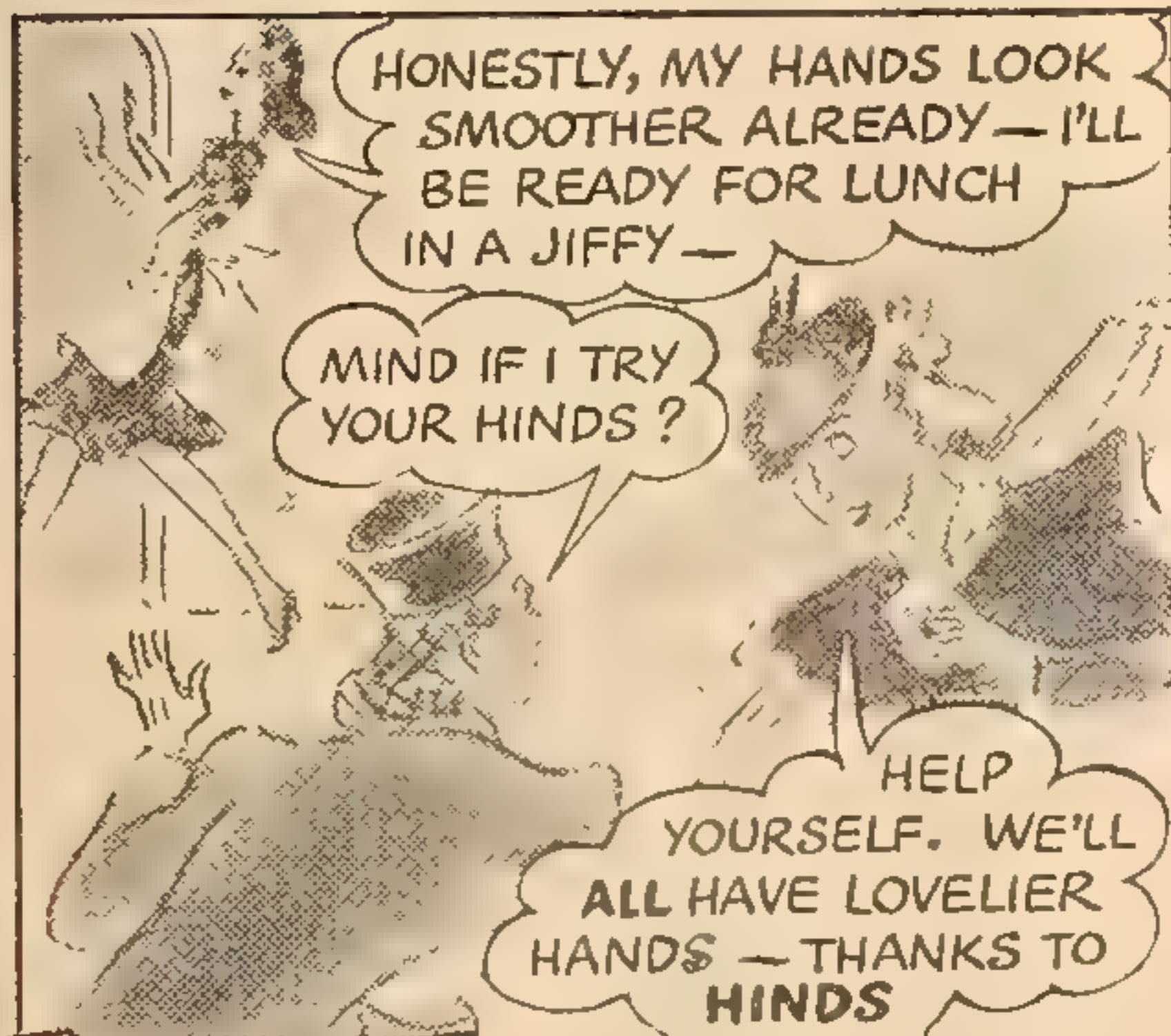
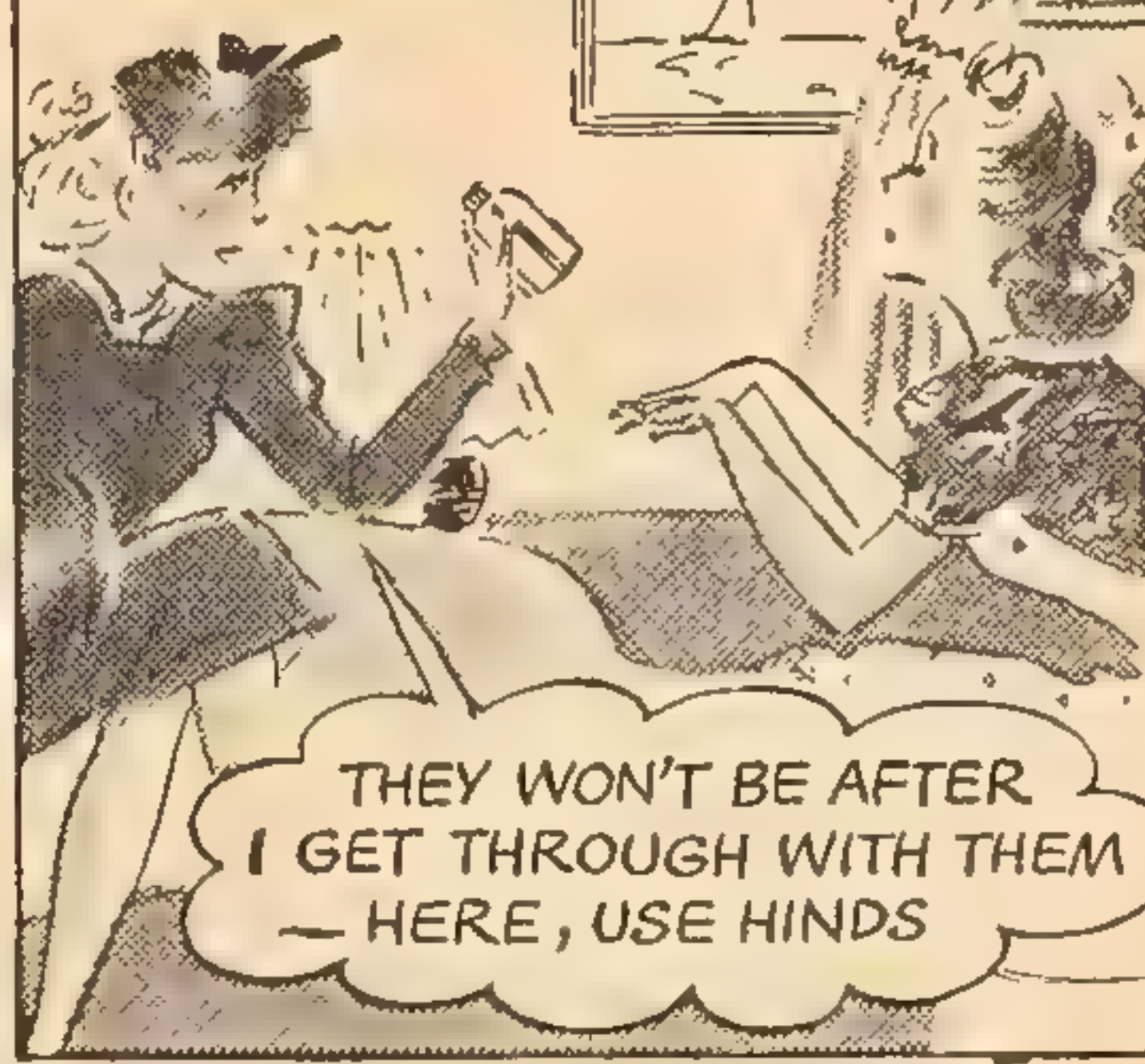
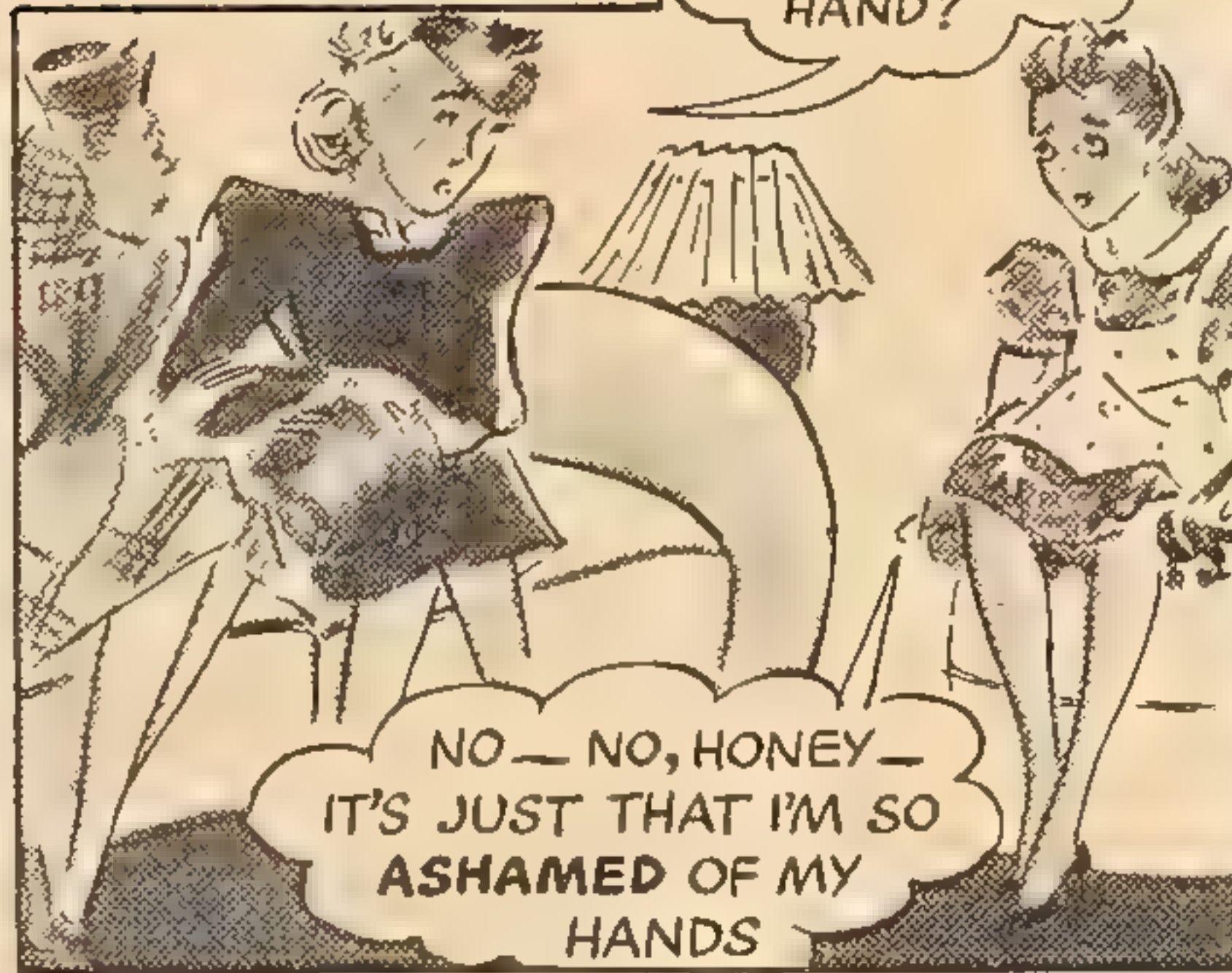
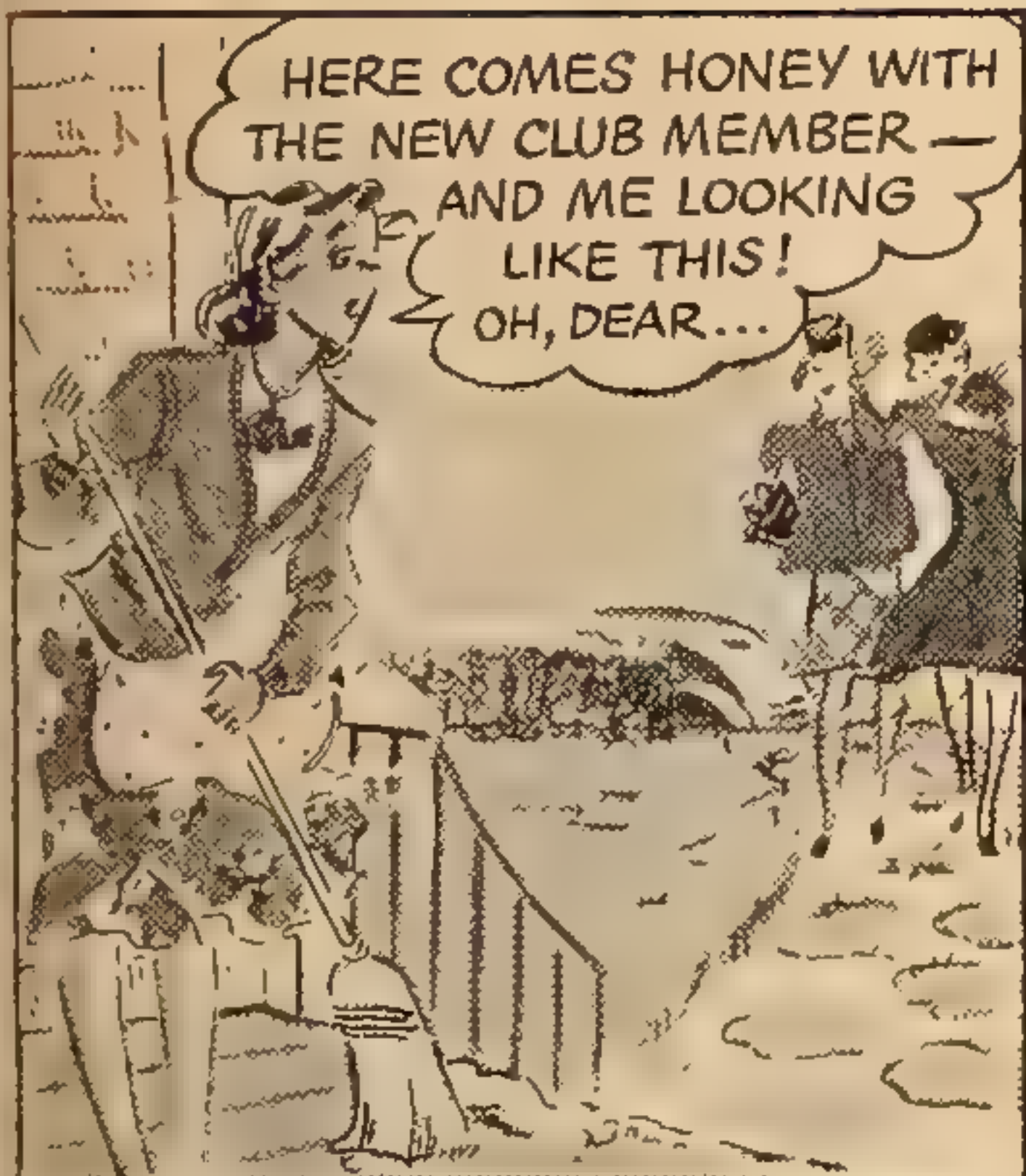
[Continued on page 14]

Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR

says

"RED, CHAPPED HANDS SPOIL A LOT OF FUN!"

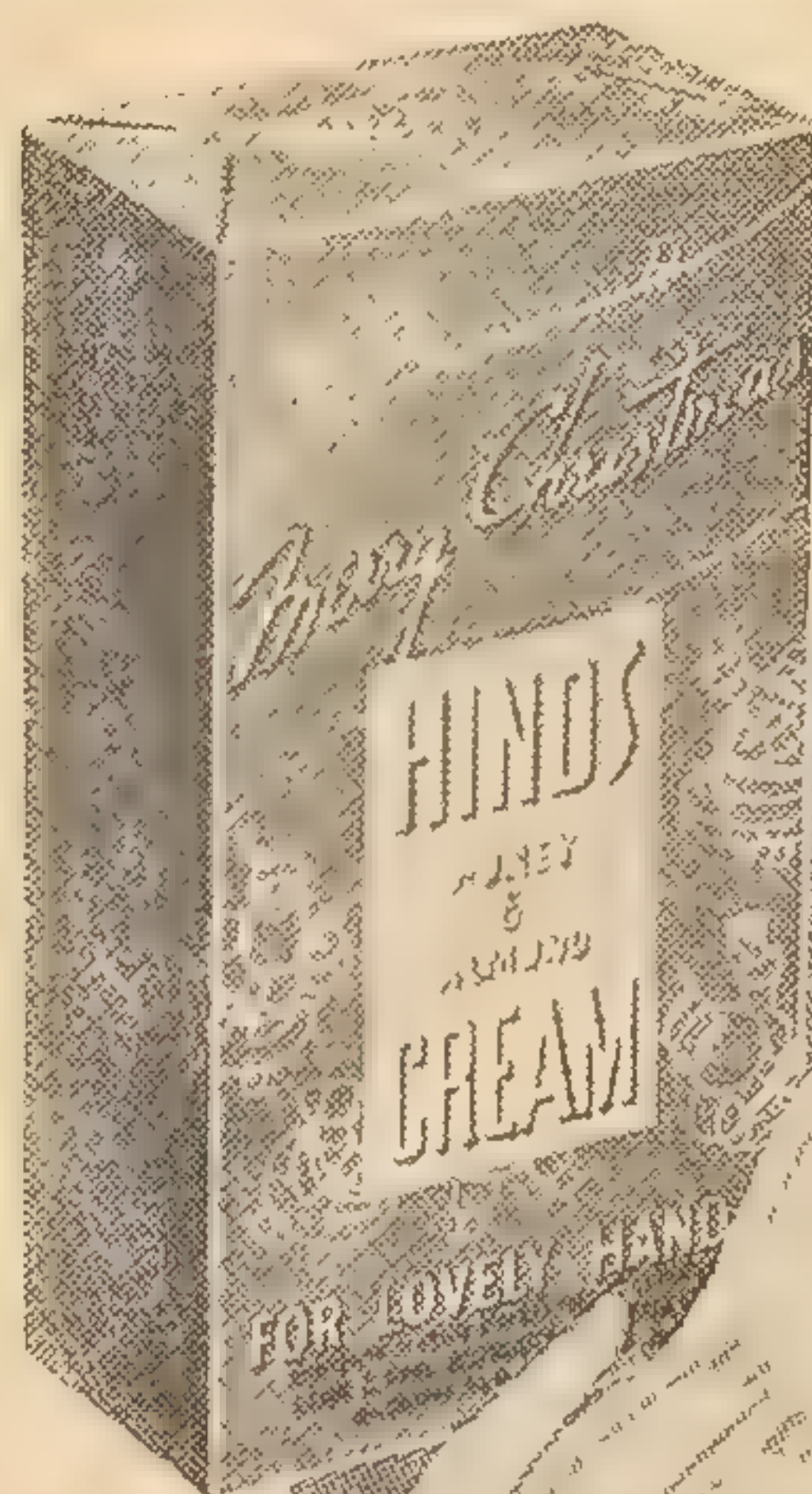


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It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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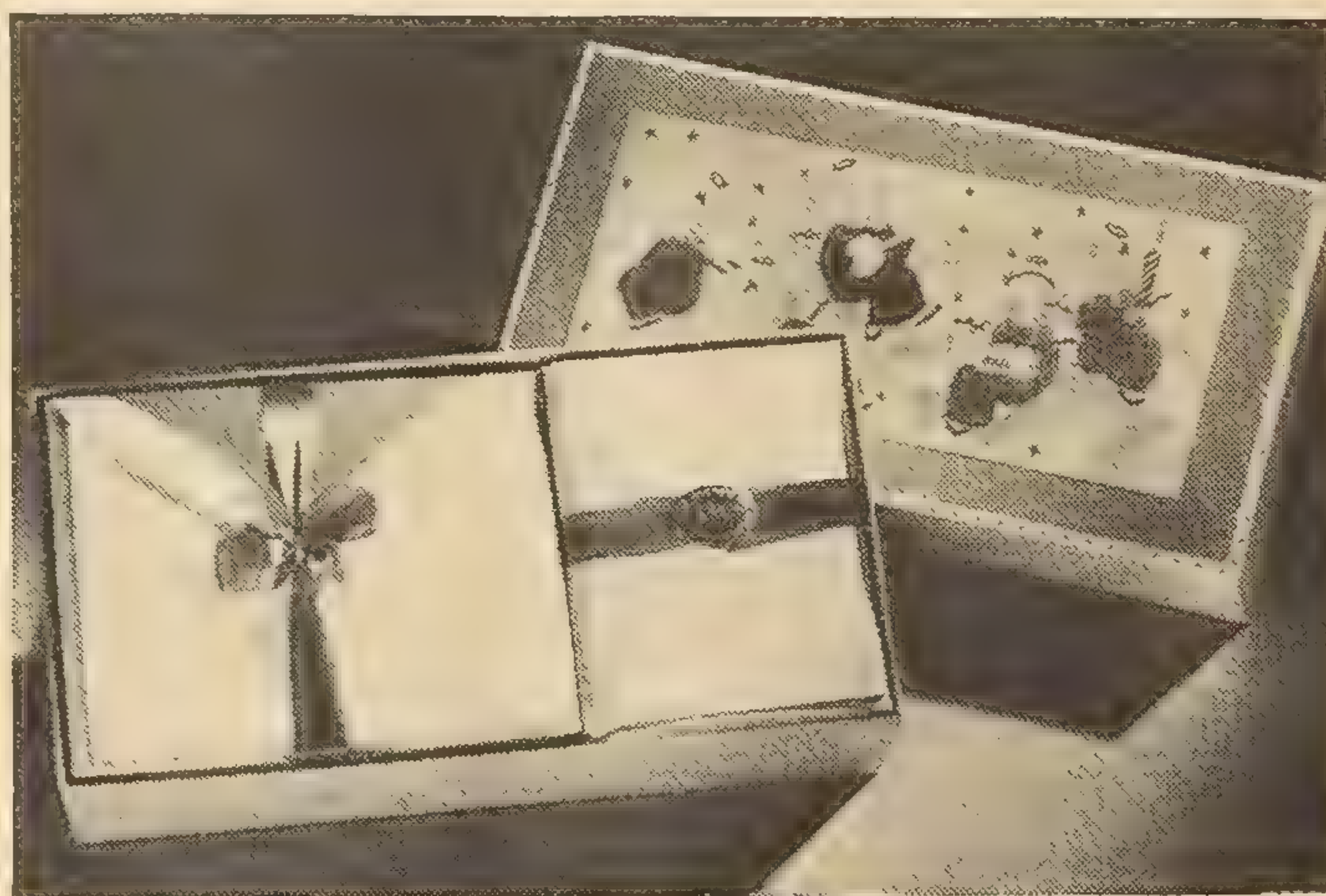
Christmas Stocking-Fillers and Treasures for Her Tree



By
Mary Lee

Fragrance of perfume, possession of long-wanted gadgets, gifts that mean more beauty—these spell Christmas!

Above: Radiant Rita Johnson, with her gift of gifts, Max Factor Hollywood Color Harmony Make-Up Set for "her" type, plus five other requisites. This treasure is \$6.55.



At left: The angels sing! And so will you when you see these Angel Notes by Eaton. Two convenient sizes of fine, pen-smooth vellum finish in one box—the semi-note and the thank-you note. Gracious sizes for the brief message. Semi-note size has colored border and tissue lined envelope; thank-you notes are in pastel with white border. Price \$1.

Mais Oui, by Bourjois, pronounced "May We" and meaning "But Yes," is a challenge to male hearts. For it is crisp, gay, provocative, an invitation with a thrill of suspense. Even its package is flirtatious, and I assure you it causes reactions! Mais Oui comes in sizes from \$1.25 to \$10, every size with identical details of sophisticated packaging shown.





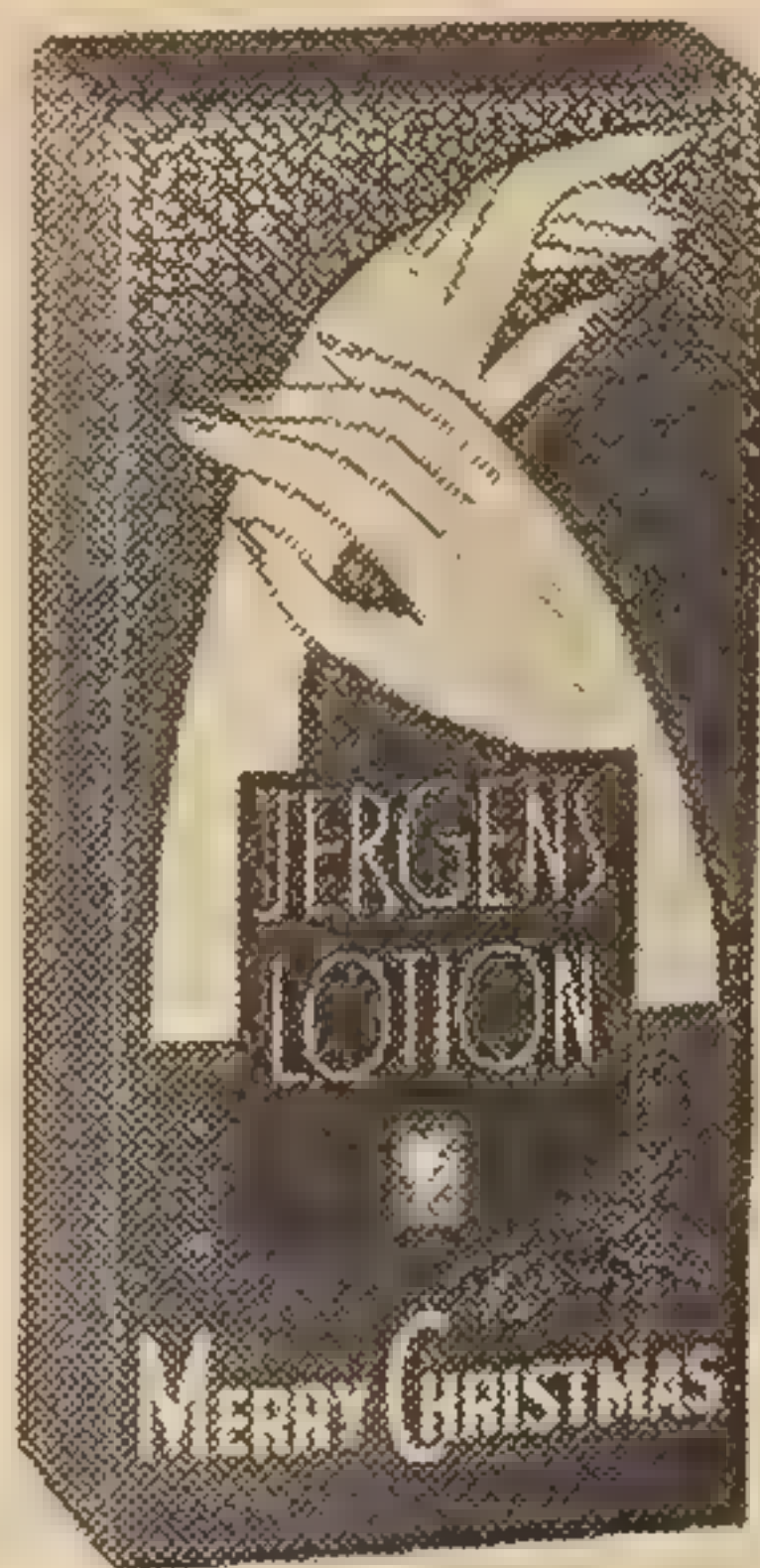
Very new is the gold and blue velour boxful of beauty by Tangee, opposite. It contains the incomparable Tangee lipstick, rouge compact, face powder and Tangee Amado perfume. The receiver will bless the thought that prompted a coordination of all her make-up in the correct tone for her type and added the grace of a lovely perfume. Here, indeed, is more beauty for a long time to come. The complete box is \$2.50.

Hampden's Powd'r-Base takes on a holiday air because it is a beauty "must" when this gay and happy season rolls around. To go to a party with your complexion its loveliest and to know that it will continue that way for hours is a little private joy that users of Powd'r-Base all know. It is a real good-will-toward-girls thought to tuck this dainty package in their Christmas stockings. The price, 50¢ and \$1.



"Vaniteen," by Princess Pat, is a streamlined vanity, resembling a golden candle. Press against puff and loose powder sifts out of the tip, while the base opens to reveal rouge and wee puff. "Vaniteen" is sheathed in a transparent case with flame-colored flare. Tiny wire loops it to tree. \$1.

A practical gift that means pretty hands, and weeks and weeks of them, is this Christmas version of Jergens Lotion. The giant size is attractively encased to carry the season's greetings and an excellent skin softener and smoother. The Christmas price is \$1.



When any girl leaves home, she needs a bottle kit, if only for a week-end or for a month. So Kleinert made a beauty for gift purposes, a gay affair of richly blended stripes, roomy, and just right for bottles, boxes and miscellany. There is a little bell at the end of the Conmar slide fastener—just for fun. The kit comes in a red lacquer box with green ribbon and holly. In notions or toilet goods sections of department stores. \$2.



Into a damask-like finish box are gathered three bath beauties—Bathasweet and companion soap and eau de Cologne. For those who want real beauty from a bath, a sense of luxury and relaxation from a water-softened, perfumed tub, a creamy, profuse lather of soap, plus a final invigorating rub-down with Cologne, here is truly a gift for Sybarites! Forest Pine or Garden Bouquet. \$1.

A happy solution for that what-to-give problem is Daggett & Ramsdell's "Beauty Sampler" kit (not shown). In a cross-stitch, sampler design kit are collected cleansing cream, foundation cream, face powder, skin lotion and hand lotion. All for \$1!



EX-LAX MOVIES

The Awakening of "Mr. A."



MR. A.: Whew! I hate the very thought of having to take a cathartic.

MR. B.: You wouldn't, if you'd try Ex-Lax. It tastes swell—just like chocolate.



MR. A.: Ex-Lax? That's what we give the youngsters. What I need is dynamite!

MR. B.: Don't kid yourself! Ex-Lax is plenty effective, if that's what's worrying you!



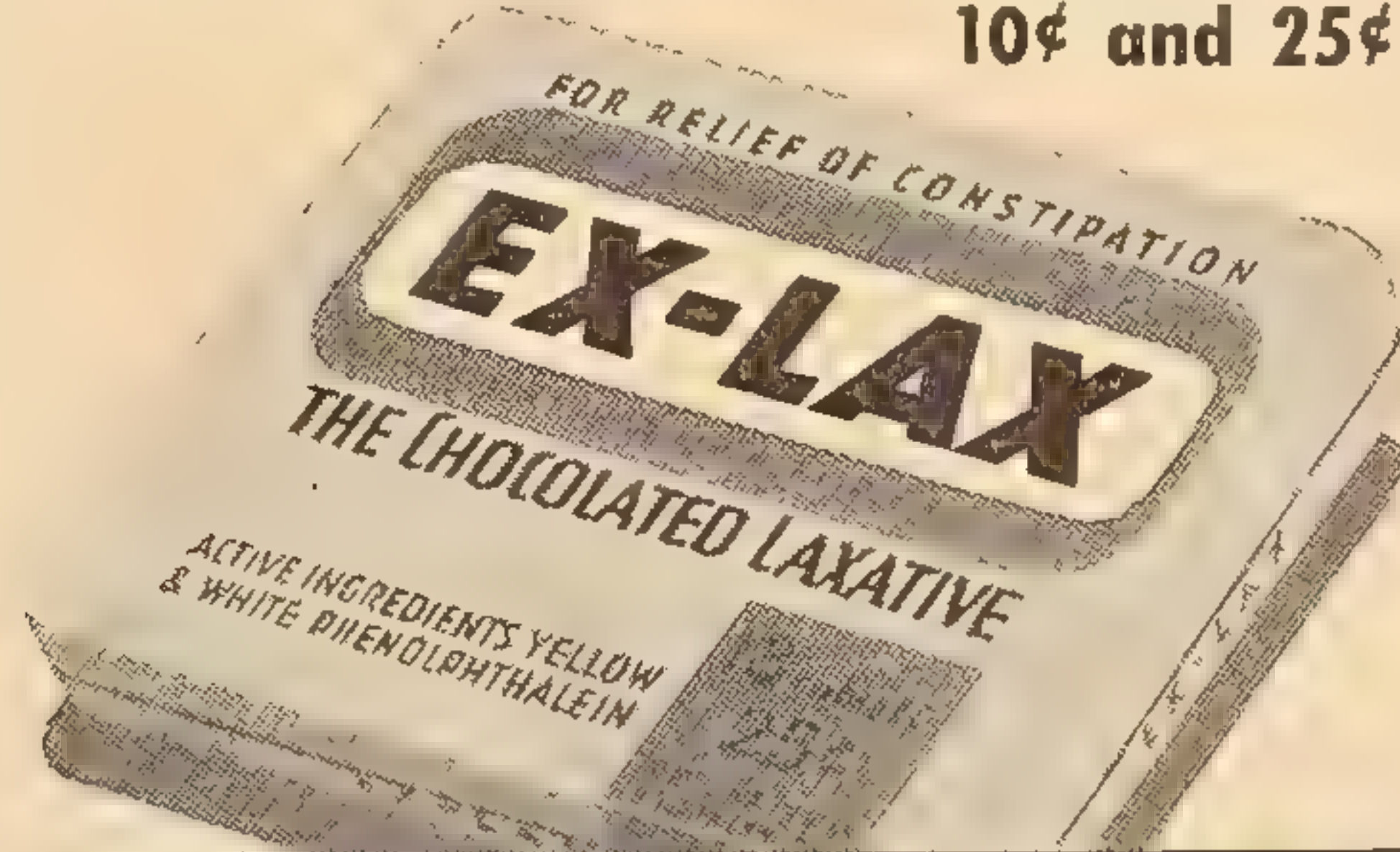
LATER

MR. A.: Boy, I feel like a million this morning! That Ex-Lax sure is great stuff!

MR. B.: You said it, pal! We've been using Ex-Lax in our family for more than thirty years!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



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Checking on Their Comments

[Continued from page 11]

going to America. Then I decided that if my dream was ever to come true, I must do something about it."

Let's interrupt here to say that the Mogul of Metro, Louis B. Mayer, heard her sing in Vienna—and signed her. Over here, she was given one role, in "Rosalie." Then more practice.

"I did nothing but study for seventeen months, learning English, taking singing lessons, dramatic coaching and trying to make the most of my opportunity. I am interested only in my work. I live quietly with my Aunt Theresa. I rarely go to parties, because I need all of my strength for the work that is more important to me than anything else. I have no romances. I am not interested in romance. Now that my big chance has come in 'Balalaika,' I do not intend to sit back and congratulate myself. Instead, I will work all the harder. This, I realize, is just the beginning. I still have so much to learn and it is learning that makes me happiest. When I am not making a picture, I still must take fifteen hours of singing lessons a week to improve my voice. I am constantly striving to improve my English. My only ambition is to be worthy of the great opportunity America has given me. That means I must devote all of my time and energy to it."

Which is zeal, plus. Personally I'm cynic enough to believe that the movie public doesn't care a hang about zeal. It wants pleasant, personable amusement. The public can be heartless, too. It doesn't give a rap about your fifteen hours of singing lessons, Ilona, I regret to report. That ol' devil personality will carry you a lot farther than hitting high C just exactly right. Relax, Ilona—but hold your hat. Tell Aunt Theresa to hold hers, too. You're coming to a sharp curve in the road.

NOBODY is more serious about things than a comedian. Let's consider Groucho Marx as Exhibit A. He's worried about the future of the films, along with the stage and radio. I caught him on the verge of tears in his luxurious New York hotel suite just before his "At the Circus" opened. Here was the world going all wrong and nobody giving a hang. So let's let Groucho give his hang—

"The movies need less restrictions, less hide-bound rules. They should be honestly describing what actually goes on in the world. Instead the films are held to the boy-loves-girl formula. Fortunately for the screen, the stage has gone stagnant and decadent. Look at the Broadway stage hit, The Little Foxes, which has been running for a year. An intimate two and a half hour study of a low blood-pressured middle class family of amazing meanness. Look at any New York musical show hit. Smutty and physical. I'm no prude, but I revolt at plain unadulterated, unimaginative dirt. But if the stage took its rightful place, the movies would have to fight for life—and have to fight hard.

"Look at the radio. You have all the

restrictions of the movies, plus the sponsor. He's usually a manufacturer of woolen underwear who looks upon himself as an expert on what people want to hear. He's the reason why the shut-off knob is so important a feature of radio sets. No wonder they call it ether entertainment.

"One sponsor offered us an hour on the air each week. I told the man we couldn't be funny for sixty minutes and nobody else could be, either. However, spotted in right, timed right, at brief interludes, maybe, with the right material, we could do it. . . . Otherwise it would be synthetic suicide.

"If the radio was better, it would complete the massacre of the movies. As it is, the movies are just a bit better, just a bit honester and just a bit more amusing. But what about the future?"

A fair question—and Groucho's comments probably are true. That student of the dark side of things, Charlie Chaplin, doubtless would tell you the same thing. If you want to know the worst, consult your favorite comic. All clowns since Pagliacci have had breaking hearts.

ZASU PITTS is one of the phenomena of the movies. She rode a phrase and a flutter to fame. Which, in itself, is a triumph of personality . . . or something. But, like everyone, ZaSu isn't entirely happy. Ambition still tugs at her sleeve. But let Miss Pitts speak in her own way—

"O-o-oh, dear!

"I'd like to do something sincere and

significant. You know, real acting. Oh, dear! But I'm a marked woman. I started in films 'way back in the old silent days. Let's see . . . about 1920. In 'The Little Princess' with Mary Pickford. I was Becky, I think she was called. I was coming along nicely after that. Acting, really acting. Erich von Stroheim gave me some fine breaks. Remember me in 'Greed?' A nice girl acting in front of a Pluto sign. Von liked details like that, bless him. Then I did a lovely role in 'Sins of the Fathers,' with Emil Jannings, Ruth Chatterton and Jean Arthur. I seemed all set as a serious dramatic actress. For that matter, Mr. Jannings seemed to have a definite spot in American films. Then the films acquired speech.

"That was the turning point. I was cast in the second all-talkie, 'The Dummy,' with Fredric March, Ruth Chatterton and Jack Oakie. Words from the screen, those first spoken syllables, carried vast significance. If you remember, they kept me saying 'Oh, dear!' in moments of tension—and I became a marked woman. I've been saying 'O-o-oh, dear, ever since. I go on *oh, dearing* in everything but the news reels. I should think the public would be good and bored with me, but Hollywood thinks different, apparently.

"O-o-oh, dear!"

And the ZaSu Pitts hands fluttered hopelessly. In brief, La Pitts has become a symbol of amusing frustration. Sure of a laugh or two. And Hollywood has to be sure. It rarely adventures. That sort of thing costs too much. It can't take chances. So ZaSu has about as much chance of doing serious things as Paul Muni has of doing an unhistorical clown. Don't tell me that ZaSu had a serious role in *Nurse Edith Cavell*. English directors don't count in arguments like this.



Success hasn't gone to Brenda Joyce's head. She still goes to parties and premieres with the boy she went around with in school, Owen Ward.

Hollywood Whispers

[Continued from page 4]

Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart are hand-holding again, and this time, their friends swear, they aren't fooling. With David Niven returning to England, Jimmy is one of the very few eligible young bachelors left in Hollywood. Loretta, have a heart!

Sonja Henie and Alan Curtis can be found dancing away like mad in the popular Hollywood night clubs several evenings a week. Sonja likes dancing so much (or maybe it's Alan Curtis) that she has completely forgotten her former rule of no night clubbing while working in a picture. Sonja's small, brown-eyed and blonde, and Alan is tall, dark and handsome, and they make a very striking couple.

Now that Miriam Hopkins has a Reno divorce, Director Anatole Litvak, her recent ex, is free to marry the Oomph Girl whom he has been dating constantly ever since Miriam took a plane to Nevada. When Ann left for a personal appearance tour in New York the attractive "Tola" found an excuse for showing up in the big town. The studio says no marriage for their Oomph Girl, but maybe Miss Sheridan has a mind of her own.

Gregory Ratoff, who directed Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell in "Day-Time Wife," discovered a slight error his script girl had made. The cast and crew gave the girl, who has never been known to make a mistake, the raspberry. Ratoff was very angry and defended her with: "What's the matter, can't the poor girrrrl make a meestake? Do you think she's inflammable?"

Incidentally, at the end-of-the-picture party, the whole cast and crew decided to give Linda a gift for doing so well. Someone found out what she wanted most and they gave it to her—a handsomely bound Bible, and a fountain-pen! Her own had been left in Dallas in boxes packed for storage.

Nelson Eddy's songs in "Balalaika" will soon be heard by the public via phonograph records. He is singing "Ride, Cossack, Ride," "Volga Boatman," "At the Balalaika," and a love duet for a national phonograph firm, with the studio symphony orchestra conducted by Nathaniel Finston.

One of the most charming of the Hollywood young couples' homes is that of the Louis Haywards (Ida Lupino). Perched comfortably atop one of Brentwood's highest hills, the white brick, English-type bungalow has one of the most expansive views in Southern California. The Haywards admit they have always inclined to cliff-dwelling, and here indeed they have achieved the peak. In furnishing the house they agreed to eliminate the Hollywood touch—"no mirrors, no white rugs." One of the first discoveries they made after moving in was that there was no dining room. They decided they could do much better without a play

room than they could without a dining room, so the play room was renovated. Result, the most charming spot in the house—an old English inn-like arrangement, with a long rough wood table and wooden benches on either side instead of individual chairs. A round fire-place at one end, old hunting prints and pewter about the walls make Ralph Forbes' comment to Louis just about right—"All this and heaven, too, old boy? But definitely too much."

A bow to Gracie Allen for her explanation of why President Roosevelt moved up the Thanksgiving date. Says she: "I'll bet he did it so that he could give the Republicans the BIRD a week earlier."

WE wouldn't be surprised if the head-lined romance between George Raft and Norma Shearer has sputtered out. Virginia Peine is in the East, as the columnists report, but not to flee the scene of a broken romance. Unless my grapevine fails, Virginia is in New York to see Mrs. George Raft, and persuade her that she should agree at long last to give George a divorce. If she succeeds, and Virginia can be persuasive, look for a new Mrs. Raft, and not in the person of the former Miss Shearer.

Mrs. Lane, mother of Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola, is past being annoyed at the constant rumors that Pat is married to Oren Haglund, because it is becoming amusing. In the first place, says Mrs. Lane, Pat wouldn't get married that way. Marriage is too important to her. And in the second place, she has never kept a

secret from her in her entire life. But the truth of the matter is that Pat hates to discuss her personal life, because it is embarrassing, and also because there is a bit of deviltry about letting people flounder around and keep guessing.

Don't be surprised if the next few weeks bring revolutionary changes in the set-up of that biggest Sunday radio show. Nelson Eddy's withdrawal from the cast is only the first step in the sponsors' plan to revamp the show completely, building an entirely new program about Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. Don Ameche, away from the program now to recover from a serious attack of ulcers, may be one of those affected. So may Dorothy Lamour. The sponsors have discovered that Dottie's sarongs don't show—over the air.

Red has invaded the boudoir as well as the bright spots. Jane Bryan has a red wool coffee jacket with matching mules she wears over a red and white pin-striped chiffon nightie. Then there's Gloria Dickson giving plenty of glow to her white satin lounging pajamas with a red taffeta negligee.

Ann Sheridan, being a redhead can't wear red, but she likes red. Ann Sheridan, being a redhead, can wear green, and she likes green. So she cleverly combines the two by keeping the dangerous shade away from her face. Her pet dress is a dinner gown swathed like Venus' drapes showing a red skirt, and a bodice, crushed sash and long tight sleeves in green.

And speaking of green, Greer Garson, Hollywood's most glamorous redhead, fairly stole the show at the premiere of "Babes in Arms" when she arrived—one minute before the lights went out—in a brilliant green jersey evening gown, high around the neck, and sweater tight. My, my! We're still gasping!



Hedy Lamarr attending the premiere of "Hollywood Cavalcade," with her husband, Gene Markey, who is an executive for Twentieth Century-Fox.



Will Bette Win Again?

Will the Academy Award Champions of last year again come through or has the competition in 1939 been too strong for them?

JUST a year ago this month, the 12,000 Hollywood individuals who are qualified to cast a vote in the deliberations of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awarded the gold statuettes of 1938 to Bette Davis, for her characterization of Julie, in "Jezebel;" to Spencer Tracy, for his portrayal of Father Flannagan, in "Boy's Town;" to Director Frank Capra, for "You Can't Take It With You;" to Fay Bainter, for her supporting role in "Jezebel;" and to Walter Brennan, for his supporting role in "Kentucky." Twelve months later, the jury of 12,000 (*recruited from the Academy and the Screen Actors, Directors and Writers' Guilds*), assembles again to pass judgment on the \$500,000,000 worth of pictures which were shipped out of the studios of the world last year and to select the blue-ribbon contributions of the creative artists.

Let us first regard the defending champions of 1938—Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy and Director Frank Capra. Miss Davis has fired four broadsides in defense of her "Oscar;" she has to her credit "Dark Victory," "Juarez," "The Old Maid" and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex." Tracy has been only half as active with "Stanley and Living-

Spencer Tracy will depend on his performances in "Stanley and Livingstone" and "Northwest Passage" to win again. Other Academy Award possibilities are Paul Muni, James Cagney, Alice Faye, Vivien Leigh, Charles Boyer, Mickey Rooney and Carole Lombard. All have contributed topnotch performances especially Vivien Scarlett Leigh.



and Spence

By Ed Sullivan

stone" and "Northwest Passage" summing up a year's work. Director Frank Capra rests his title defense on "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

It is obvious that challengers have no easy road here, if the champions elected a year ago are to be overthrown, and yet greater upsets have been scored. Miss Davis must overpower Vivien Leigh, in "Gone With the Wind;" Rosalind Russell, in "The Women;" and Irene Dunne in "Love Affair." Tracy must meet the title bids of Jimmy Stewart in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington;" Robert Donat in "Goodbye Mr. Chips;" Jimmy Cagney in "The Roaring Twenties;" Laurence Olivier in "Wuthering Heights;" Clark Gable in "Gone With the Wind;" Henry Fonda in "Young Mr. Lincoln;" Paul Muni, in "Juarez" and "We Are Not Alone," and Laughton in "Hunchback of Notre Dame." Director Frank Capra must resist Victor Fleming's "Gone With the Wind," Sam Wood's "Goodbye Mr. Chips," William Wyler's fine production of "Wuthering Heights," Edmund Goulding's "The Old Maid," George Stevens' rousing "Gunga Din," Clarence Brown's "The Rains Came" and so many others.

Numerically, or rather mathematically, the odds are most in favor of Bette Davis waging a successful defense of her title, because no other [Continued on page 59]

Bette Davis has had a most active and successful year in films and seems certain to repeat as an Academy Award winner. Others to be considered are Irene Dunne, James Stewart, Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell, Henry Fonda, Jean Arthur, Ginger Rogers, Laurence Olivier, and Priscilla Lane. Jimmy Stewart and Robert Donat are the dark horses.



It's no fun being 30 ...AND ALONE



"I AM one of those women who, as the saying is 'missed the boat'... women who dream of a husband, a home, and children—and never get them.

There is never a morning as I start out for work but that I wish I could remain at home to look after a family. There is never a twilight but that my loneliness comes out of the dusk to sadden me as I open the door of my empty flat.

It wasn't always like this. Men used to find me attractive. Two wanted to marry me. Then some unexplainable change took place in me. I met new men of course, but somehow their interest was only momentary. I could not fathom the reason for their indifference then, nor can I now. To this day I do not know what is wrong with me. I wish to heaven I did. It's no fun being thirty—and alone."



right now—and ignorant of the reason for it.

After all, nothing repels others and kills a romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath). Sometimes it is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. And Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

"Why risk offending?"

The insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom



"Is anyone immune?"

An unusual case, you say? Nothing of the sort. Countless women and men are probably in exactly the same situation

realize when you have it. At this very moment you may be guilty. But why risk offending when it is so easy to take precautions by using Listerine Antiseptic?

You simply rinse the mouth or gargle with it every night and morning, and between times before social or business engagements. It freshens and invigorates the mouth and your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, more agreeable to others.



"It's my passport to popularity"

If you want people to like you, if you want to get along in business, use Listerine night and morning and between times when you want to be sure you're at your best. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant may be the passport to popularity that you lack.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.



Silver Screen

Upper left: My, my, if it isn't David Niven nonchalantly fixing his suspenders as Director Sam Wood discusses a scene for "Raffles" with Dame May Whitty, Olivia de Havilland and David. Above: Mickey Rooney, Ann Sothern and Cary Grant during a rehearsal for a Screen Actors Guild radio program. Left: Virginia Dale, Paramount Golden Circle player, gets into the Christmas spirit.

Topics For Gossip

ALICE FAYE and Tony Martin were tickled pink when they discovered that they could buy the Jack Haley ranch out in Encino. The Haley ranch, practically across the road from the Gable ranch, was exactly what Alice and Tony wanted. No more apartment houses and rented Beverly Hills homes for them. On their second wedding anniversary, which they celebrated recently, they gave each other nothing but household gifts. (Alice gave Tony garden tools, a lot of mechanical gadgets, and a desk set, while Tony presented Alice with towels, luncheon and dinner sets, bed linen, etc.) But, as you read in the newspapers, they had only been in their new home a few days when it burned down! They are planning to re-build immediately.

All Alice's clothes, with the exception of a house dress and pair of bedroom slippers, were burned in the fire, so Alice is now wearing clothes she can borrow from the Twentieth Century-Fox wardrobe department—until she has time for a shopping spree.

That South American vacation trip that Don Ameche has been looking forward to for the past year—ever since Tyrone Power told him all about the wonderful time he had there—has been cancelled. Mrs. Ameche hasn't been well enough since Thomas Anthony Ameche was born to make the long trip, and Don wouldn't dream of going without her. So, he is spending his muchly needed vacation at home, with possibly a week's fishing trip in the High Sierras. Even movie stars have their disappointments.

Barbara Stanwyck played good Samaritan this month while driving along the east end of Hollywood Boulevard. A stalled street-car with half a dozen working girls looking desperately about for a way of getting to their jobs on time prompted Barbara to do a good deed. It was indeed a thrill for the gals, who were delivered promptly to their offices by none other than the famous Stanwyck.

John Payne has such broad shoulders the ladies can't



Upper left: Gene Lester was right on the spot with his camera when Frances Langford gave her hubby Jon Hall a tweak on the nose at the Morton Downey opening at the Cocoanut Grove. Above: Bob Hope and Shirley Ross do a corny version of "Two Sleepy People" at a party Bob recently gave for Judy Garland at the Victor Hugo nitery in Beverly Hills.

Last minute news in print and picture

believe it. One in particular, perhaps from Missouri, approached him at the Brown Derby, reached over and pinched his shoulder. "Just wanted to see if they were padded," said she, "My, that's wonderful!"

Newcomer Brenda Joyce nullifies everybody's prophecies that she'd forget her schooltime boy friend, Owen Ward, as soon as "The Rains Came" and "Here I Am A Stranger" were released and she became a celebrity. She's a celebrity all right, but Owen Ward, who attended school with her since they both went to San Bernardino Junior High School and U. C. L. A. together, is still her one and only escort. Brenda's current big thrill is the acquisition of her first fur coat, and what a time she had deciding against a silver fox and in favor of a kolinsky, which is more every-occasionish than the dressier silver fox. She got it wholesale or she wouldn't have been able to get one.

Victor McLaglen is the latest of the filmites to join the ranch owners. Vic has bought himself five hundred acres in Paris, a fertile farming land near Riverside, California. Vic is one star who is going to do what a great many have been earnestly promising, and only a few like Barbara Stanwyck have accomplished—breed fine horses. The McLaglen stables are already famed in the state for champion steeplechasers—and there's a tack room elaborately covered with ribbons, medals and cups to prove it.

Jane Withers who has—but definitely—attained the party-giving-and-going stage, with emphasis on wearing long party dresses, was invited to one recently. Mrs. Withers, who always accompanies Jane, decided to let the Withers' secretary, Miss Josephine Rainey, chaperone Jane, while Mrs. Withers had a date with Mr. Withers. Miss Rainey, feeling her duties keenly, apparently kept warning Jane "don't do this or that." Jane whispered to George Ernest, "Gosh, they say all movie people have their 'yes men' but I certainly have my 'don't woman.'"

Lovely Virginia Field, one of the most talented of the screen's newcomers, has Hollywood's most ambitious five-year plan. In addition to her determination to become an important actress, Virginia is equally determined to become an important business woman. She wants to own a grocery store, an apartment house, and a restaurant. The latter she has already accomplished with the opening this month of a picturesque little English Inn named "Bit O'England" and located in the North Hollywood valley near some of the movie stars' rancheros. The eatery has been doing stand-out business since its opening and with Virginia's astute mind for management and for accomplishing what she sets out to do, looks like the grocery store and apartment will be coming up—but soon.



Left: Joe E. Brown having a chin-tickling time of it with Beryl Wallace when called upon to take a bow at the Earl Carroll Theatre-Restaurant. Right: Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is serenaded by three señoritas during a lull on the set during the filming of "Green Hell." Not bad!



of your current favorites in Hollywood

Dolores Del Rio, who keeps the Hollywood style-conscious too busy matching her pace, has some exciting new tricks for Fall. One of them makes it possible to see Dolores even in the dark of night. She has had the buttons on a black ensemble painted with phosphorous, along with a necklace and clip. Another little nifty is a bracelet with a music box inside which plays 'Jingle Bells,' and still another is her custom of wearing a rare cacti blossom for an evening corsage instead of the proverbial gardenias and orchids.

Helen Gilbert and Lew Ayres are acting as if they are falling in love. Helen, who was *discovered* in "Andy Hardy Has Spring Fever," has recently started divorce proceedings against her musician husband. Lew and Ginger have been separated for years now, but never have done a thing about that divorce. Maybe those dinner dates with Helen will call for a little action.

The turban rage is growing! Started several months ago by Joan Crawford it has taken on like wildfire. At the "Hollywood Cavalcade" premiere Joan appeared in a sleeky black turban, Lana Turner in a white one, and Sally Eilers in a gold one.

It's wedding bells any minute now for Margaret Lindsay and Eddie Norris (*Ann Sheridan's* ex). And ditto Richard Greene and Virginia Field.

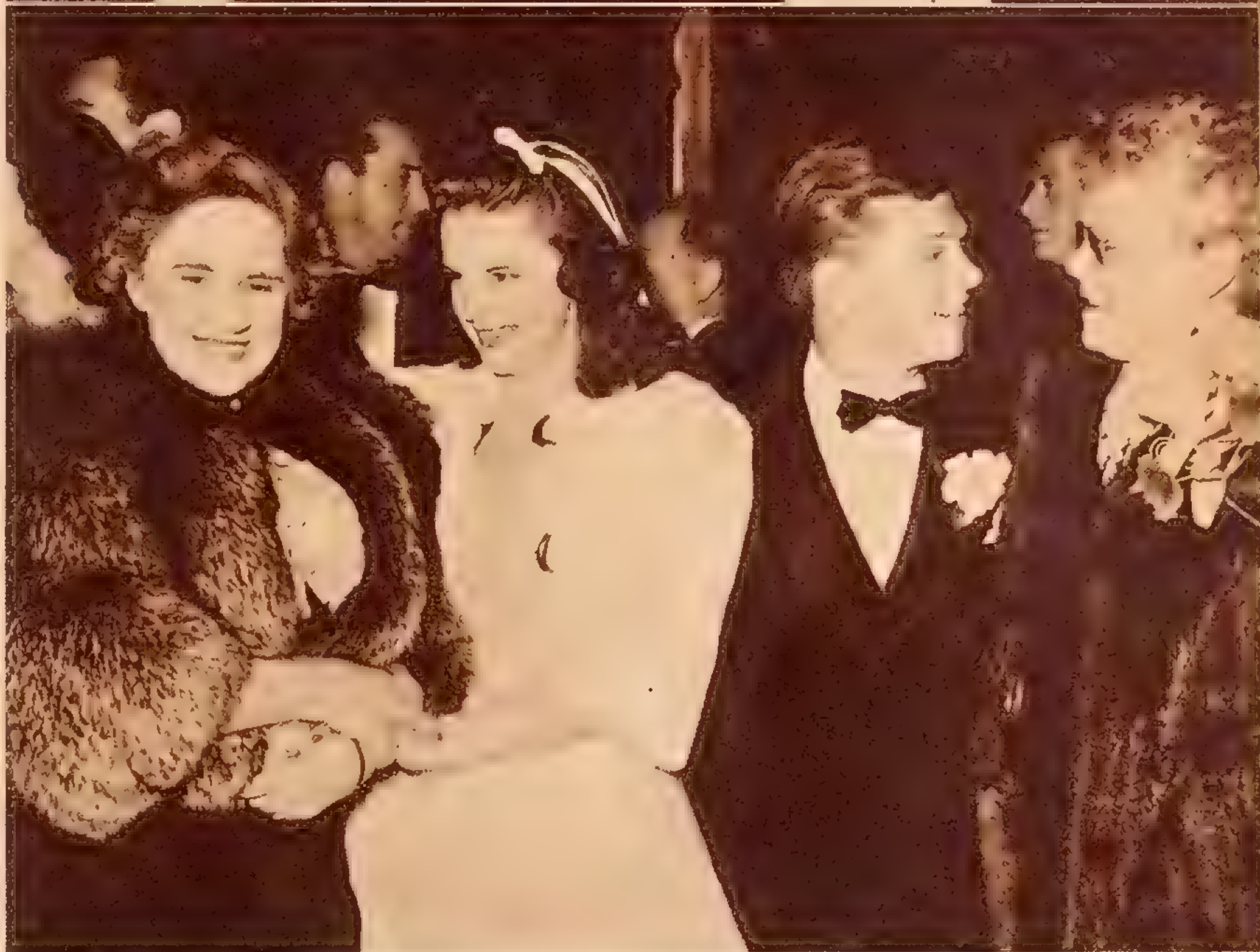
Shirley Temple is having herself a wonderful time in her new picture "The Blue Bird," in which she has sequences in which she very meanly orders Eddie Collins, as the bulldog, around. After one particularly mean-toned scene, the whole cast and crew, Director Walter Lang, even Shirley's teacher, all hissed her resoundingly. Shirley beamed more happily at this tribute to her villainy than at any applause she'd ever had.

Incidentally, on a recent hot Sunday, when Shirley was going swimming in her pool at home, her mother warned her to stay in the shallow water, since Shirley hasn't had enough swimming lessons to go into the deep end where it wasn't safe.

"If I make it safe, can I go in deep?" inquired Shirley. Absent-mindedly, Mrs. Temple said yes.

An hour later she saw Shirley in the 12 foot end of the pool, but 'safely.' Shirley had gotten a couple of clothes line pulleys, hammered them into the pool at each end, expertly suspended a clothesline, and tied a rope round herself attached to the long clothes line by another pulley. When she got tired of actually swimming she just floated along the deep end of the pool suspended from the clothes line! Talk about ingenuity.

Penny Singleton, "Blondie" of radio and film series, has turned into an amateur talent scout. Recently she (Continued on page 74)



Upper right: Norman Foster and wife, Sally Blane, arrive at the Grove with Joan Crawford and her ex-hubby, Franchot Tone. Just a friendly date, with no thought of re-marriage. Above: At the opening of "Babes in Arms," Judy Garland accompanied her mother and Mickey Rooney escorted his. The kids and the mothers are looking equally proud.



Left: Dorothy Lamour telling a story to Bob Ritchie, Helene Del Valle and Lee Bowman. Right: Pete Smith, whose M-G-M short subjects always are a delight, doesn't seem to be giving much attention to Ned Day, bowling champion, featured in Pete's latest, "Set 'Em Up!"





Lana Turner!

What about make-up?
Clothes? Smoking? Driving?
Petting? The best way
to be attractive to boys?
These are just a few of
the questions which lush
and lovely Lana, as one girl
told another, intimately answered.

By Gladys Hall

Not so long
ago Lana was a student
in Hollywood
School. Mervyn
Roy gave her
a small part in
"Won't You Be
My Love"
She's been a
star ever since.

Advice to All High School Girls!

THE thing is, I think that High School is just like life," said Lana, giving the Serious Subject before is the double take. "I mean, it IS life, really. If you are successful in High School, really successful, by which I don't mean just grades and things, but getting along with boys and girls, being a good sport without going off deep ends and all, why then, it seems to me, you have every chance of being successful at whatever you do in life . . ."

As Lana talked, she sipped her glass of orange juice, which was her lunch, in the M-G-M commissary. I gave her the double take, congratulating myself that I couldn't have picked a better young person to discuss High School problems, pleasures and pastimes. For Lana, I thought, must have run the gauntlet, all the gauntlets there are. Lush and lovely as she is, she must have had to be darned regular to keep the girls from tarring her and feathering her . . . she must have had to keep her eyes on the blackboard and her mind on The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire to keep the boys' eyes and minds, to say nothing of their hearts, from rising and falling for her.

In Hollywood we are saying that the statina of plush and velvet and yumminess and desirability once worn by Clara Bow and by Jean Harlow, has fallen upon the same shoulders of the little, tempting Turner—that honey-colored hair, the moonstone eyes, the satin-textured skin, the fruity lips, that "Perfect Figure" which weighs in at 109 delectable pounds, the 22½ inch waist-line, 35 inch hips, 34 inch bust, five feet four in height. . . Now tell me, what geometric symbols could have been curved enough to keep

the boys' attention riveted on them?

(Author's Note: High School boys please answer!)

Why, even now, with Lana all of nineteen, a seasoned little trouper, with *They Won't Forget*, *Love Finds Andy Hardy*, *Rich Man, Poor Girl*, *Dramatic School*, *Calling Dr Kildare*, *These Glamour Girls* and *Dancing Co-ed* to her screen credit, competing, as she is, with such rivals as Lamarr, Ilona Massey, Joan Crawford, Virginia Bruce, and engaged as she is, too, I had to practically sing "Shoo Fly" to Lew Ayres, Mickey Rooney, Jimmy Stewart, Franchot Tone and other lads who should have outgrown such goings-on, before we could be alone, Lana and I.

"I mean," Lana was continuing, as the last masculine back slunk sheepishly away, "I mean, if you make a fool of yourself in High School, well, you may get over it, of course, but the chances are better for you if you don't make a fool of yourself in High School. Things like Standards and Good Taste and not snatching another girl's 'man', and dressing in good taste, and not going in for 'bath-tub' gin, and keeping your conversation clean, and not petting with the boys, and doing your job decently even if you aren't exactly Phi Beta Kappa material—all these things are important in High School just exactly as they are important in later life.

"I feel pretty foolish," said Lana, giving it her slow, deep smile, "to be giving 'advice' to anyone. Why, if I hadn't gone and cut an Algebra class, if I'd brought my lunch to school instead of eating it in the cafe across from Hollywood High, I'd probably be taking a course in dress designing right [Continued on page 68]

Upper right: With boyfriend Greg Bautzer at "Babes in Arms" opening. **Right:** With Greg and Jack Huber leaving La Conga. **Lower right:** At Paula Stone's wedding, with Greg. **Below:** Lana says if a girl wants to wow the boys she can always wear her sweaters a little shorter and a little tighter than other girls do and her stockings sheerer.



WHAT GOES ON IN HOLLYWOOD

Here are the undraped facts of how your favorite actresses behave in the studio fitting rooms which, unfortunately, always bring out the female in the best of them—and then pity the poor designers!

By
Jerry
Asher

HAVING lived in Hollywood since Lillian Gish nil on her first hang nail and devoted the best years of my life to telling the world what precious little prizes the movie stars really are, I'm afraid I hold no illusions for our little world of make believe. It's awfully nice work you can get it. (*Try and get it!*) But don't let it get to you. Personally, I recommend something simple and quiet to the nerves. Like working in a boiler factory. Or driving a steam roller.

Any studio job is tough. Just ask the man who runs it. But of all the unsung heroes in Hollywood, the designers who cater to the stars' whims in the fitting room are practically fugitives from a padded cell. It's their job to convince a thousand dollar a week pixie that a shop girl just *would* be wearing silver fox capes. They have to fill in the bulges. And cover up the bulges. They have to be diplomats, psychiatrists, and the best liars in the world.

Unlike any other branch of the business, there's something about the fitting room that brings out the female in the best of 'em. All inhibitions give way. It becomes a personal thing. The star invariably assumes the attitude that the whole world is against her. She attacks a bolt of chiffon with the fury of a Bull Terrier. She just *knows* the designer is saving out something extra-special for a rival Queen. Clothes must please the producer. They must get the director's okay. The star has her own pet ideas on how she wants to look. The "suffering" designer always winds up being the "heavy" in the case.

"Conditions" have improved since those good old days when Jetta Goudal ripped a gown to bits and shreds. No longer does Nancy Carroll deliberately wear a dress backwards—go shrieking to the front office that the designer is ruining her career. Occasionally we have stars like Clara Bow.

Upper left: Designer Edith Head of Paramount confers with Louise Campbell on a costume. *Left:* Columbia's Robert Kalloch arranges a diaphanous evening gown worn by Virginia Bruce. *Below:* Adrian and Joan Crawford go over sketches of new gowns. Joan likes an audience during a fitting. She usually invites half the studio in to watch.



WOOD FITTING ROOMS!

ed on long jet earrings with bathing suits. And high heeled
ers for playing tennis.) Greta Nissen was another who
ed designers to an hysterical quivering pulp. These gay
belong to a fading era. But there's still never a dull
ent in the fitting room. Some of the fits they throw
ips.

Because he's used to catering to super-colossal egos, Adrian
elf is a quiet-mannered demon for diplomacy. He applies
non sense to intelligent reasoning and gets terrific results.
Garbo has a fitting, Adrian fortifies himself in advance
all his reserve will power. Garbo is usually very pleasant.
It's always a fight to get her to wear smart clothes. When
enters the wardrobe, she looks like anything *but* that
h-taking creature you see on the screen. Her costume
sts of old slacks, dark glasses, sweater, scarf, a large hat
covers her long straight bob. When she fits her dresses,
o refuses to remove the slacks. Invariably she picks up
hion magazine and points out something she considers
It's usually a dreary affair. Garbo's idea of a bright color
te grey! When a fitting goes well, Garbo sends out to
ar for her lunch. If she doesn't send for the lunch, she
s to be alone.

When Rosalind Russell is expected in the fitting room, Adrian
s he is going to have fun. He likes Roz because she's
a good sport, and she *isn't* an ego-maniac. "She's glad
ok gay and silly if she's supposed to," says Adrian. "Rosa-
Russell has courage. She's courageous in her own life too."
outsider would definitely think that Adrian and Rosalind
outs. "Did you feed your lions today?" Adrian asks in
eriousness. Rosalind answers, "I was going to. But Grandma
d so hard I let her do it just this once." They go on
his for hours. Nothing they say ever makes sense.
orma Shearer is always late for appointments. But she
hourly and keeps changing the time. The full day is
ed in advance, so this throws everything into complete
sion. Norma is always very sweet and very patient. She
embarrasses a designer during an awkward moment, as
any stars do. Norma has a little habit of changing her
sometimes after the costume has been worn in the
e. Naturally the scene has to be taken again. Ofttimes
has several costumes designed when she can't decide
one to choose.

[Continued on page 60]

Upper right: Orry-Kelly, Warners' designer, discusses
gowns with Ann Sheridan. She hates high necks. Right:
Ilona Massey is fitted for one of the costumes she wears
in "Balalaika." Below: Designer Edward Stevenson and his
assistant, of RKO, put the finishing touches on a dress
for Joan Fontaine. Eddie lets the stars express themselves.



It's in the Stars for Paulette



THE stars, I regret to say, are not down my alley. (I mean Gemini, Uranus, Aquarius, and such—not Gabby Taylor and Power, who, unfortunately, are not exact down my alley either.) I guess I know as little about the constellations as any person in Hollywood, but just the same when it comes to forecasting a future for one Paulette Goddard it seems that I have hit it off word for word with Hollywood's favorite astrologer. Blanca Holmes in a neat bit of forecasting recently in Sidney Skolsky's widely read column has to say of Paulette:

"Paulette Goddard: After many delays, her career really gets started and goes into high in 1940. She is studious and has learned plenty by absorption. She will fool even the critics. She is married to Charlie Chaplin. She has more intelligence than the average woman of her age."

Well, slap me down, that's exactly what I've been predicting about Paulette for the past three months. Ever since I saw "The Women" and "The Cat and the Canary." Ever since I talked with her at a couple of Hollywood parties. Maybe I should look into this astrology business. Maybe I've got the divination, or something.

Believe me, I've been in on plenty of discussions about who will be the Big Stars of 1940. It's one of the favorite topics of conversation in Hollywood. And with most folks saying "Lana Turner," "Judy Garland," "Vivien Leigh," "Ida Lupino" I have consistently said, "Paulette Goddard." Paulette has had a whole slew of bad breaks, enough to make a regular sourpuss out of her, but she's tossed them off with a laugh. (And don't think it's easy to laugh off Scarlett O'Hara.) She's about the hardest working gal in Hollywood, when it comes down to actual hours, and she doesn't consider anything too difficult or tedious if she thinks it will help her become a better actress. She's learned plenty too, both by serious study and absorption. She's intelligent and she's radiantly beautiful (and what a figure!)—a combination that rarely misses in any language. She's not a "new face" and she's been around Hollywood six or seven years, to be sure, but don't forget not even Bette Davis became a star overnight.

So what with us practically in the lap of 1940, and predicting Miss Paulette going into high any minute now (no month

Although Paulette refuses to talk about her past, those "who knew her when" don't mind. Left: With John Beal on the Paramount set. Below: Director Elliott Nugent, Douglass Montgomery and Paulette during filming of "The Cat and the Canary."



After studying the heavens, a noted astrologer forecasts big things for Paulette Goddard in 1940, but the average moviegoer could forecast the same thing after seeing her in "The Women" and "The Cat and the Canary."

By
Elizabeth
Wilson

Business there, Gemini) we might just as well settle down to a bit of dishing of the Goddard girl. Not that it hasn't been done before. By the exclusive Santa Monica set. And the not exclusive Beverly Hills bunch. One of the most talked about people in Hollywood, Paulette herself does very little talking. She'd rather take castor oil than give an interview. But once she's cornered she couldn't be sweeter. She has a most infectious laugh. Pretty soon you are laughing your head off about nothing. It's her idea of a satisfactory interview.

Someone once told Paulette that the best way to keep a writer from prying into your private life is to get the writer talking about herself. So I had hardly seated myself, pencil in hand, before Paulette with a gay little laugh began, "I'm very interested in people, aren't you? I like to know what makes the wheels go round. What they are thinking, and what makes them the way they are. I can tell that you are deeply introspective, don't you? Do you believe the things you write? Why not ask me—"

"Listen, Paulette," I stopped her build-up short, "you pulled that trick on me before. Remember, I spent two hours at George Cukor's party last week telling you all about my wheels. And you didn't tell me a darned thing about your wheels. Now it's your turn to talk. Suppose you tell me where you got that wonderful poise and self-

Please turn to page 62]

Paulette, glorified by Ziegfeld, has one of Hollywood's most perfect figures.





NAN GREY


Before Nan left her home town of Houston, Texas, she was known as Eschal Miller, which happens to be her real name. Legally she's now known as Mrs. Jackie Westrope, wife of the well known jockey. She's kept very busy at Universal, her two latest films being "Tower of London" and "The Invisible Man Returns."

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ROBERT PRESTON

Less than a year ago, Bob was an obscure film player. Then good fortune came his way and he made the most of the opportunity. His brilliant performance in "Beau Geste," with Gary Cooper and Ray Milland, won for him a co-starring role opposite Dorothy Lamour in "Typhoon." But he's still the same unassuming Bob.



ILONA MASSEY

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has a new beautiful blonde singing star in Ilona who co-stars with Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika." She made her screen debut many months ago in "Rosalie," and has acquired even more charm since then, which is saying a lot!



ADOLPHE
MENJOU

Unfortunately, there is only one Adolphe Menjou. All the studios want him. Columbia had him for "Golden Boy," United Artists snagged him for "The Housekeeper's Daughter" and now RKO-Radio for "That's Right, You're Wrong."



Allure in all its Splendor

Above: Magnificently blonde Jane Wyman is currently to be seen in "Kid Nightingale," a Warner Brothers picture. *Left:* Judith Barrett, the Venus from Venus, Texas, is featured in Paramount's musical extravaganza, "The Great Victor Herbert." *Below:* Exquisitely formed Betty Grable, now separated from Jackie Coogan, has been disporting her charms of late for RKO-Radio Pictures and Broadway.





In magical Hollywood, beauty mart
of all nations, one finds the exciting
 allure which warms and quickens
 the heart of a cold-blooded world

Above: The enticing Ellen Drew, soon to be seen in "Geronimo!" is now at work in Paramount's "Women Without Names." *Right:* Luscious Rita Hayworth performed so capably in "Only Angels Have Wings" that Columbia Pictures decided definitely to groom her for stardom. *Below:* Glamorous Gloria Dickson contributes considerably to the success of "On Your Toes," the Warner Brothers musical.



WE
POINT WITH
PRIDE

TO
JOAN
BLONDELL



Below: William Frawley seems quite annoyed at the billing and cooing of Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas in "The Incredible Mr. Williams."



YOU may well expect another scintillating performance by Joan Blondell in "The Incredible Mr. Williams," in which she again appears with Melvyn Douglas for Columbia Pictures. Perhaps, you recall this entertaining twosome in the frightfully misnamed "Good Girls Go To Paris?" Joan was excellent. She modestly attributed her success to having so capable a comedian as Melvyn for her leading man. Her gay antics on the screen are precisely the tonic needed to fortify us against the world of today.

Sonja Henie continues to dodge Dan Cupid's arrows, but intends to stand still some day and give him a good shot at her

SONJA HENIE was laughing. She couldn't stop laughing, and was almost in hysterics. It was all because of the ludicrous gyrations of good-looking Robert Cummings as they rehearsed a comedy skating scene for her new picture "Everything Happens at Night."

"When you do go down, it will be an awful fall—you're so—so long!" gasped Sonja, measuring his six-feet something, with mischievous eyes.

"I'll not tumble," grinned the confident Bob. "I learned all about balance during my years of flying." Then, without warning, he put on a super-exhibition of waving arms, sprawling legs, and spinning torso that barely missed the ice, while everybody near the set shrieked in anticipation. Quickly, through magnificent co-ordination, he regained his equilibrium—and his grin was still intact.

"I only hope," said Sonja, clinging to a snowy gate and weak from laughter, "that this sequence will be half as funny to audiences as it is to us!"

A few days later, in her dressing room, she told me: "We've had fun making this picture and it's one of my happiest experiences. There was hard work, too. Every morning, all these weeks, I was up at a quarter to five, and we started work at eight. But there was never any worry, nor tension, and we finished four days ahead of schedule, which is a triumph."

Director Irving Cummings, passing the door, stopped to say, "Sonja set a couple of records, too. In an emotional sequence with Maurice Moscovitch, who portrays her father, she played the longest scene of her career—it clocked five minutes and 38 seconds, and was filmed on the first take without a single hitch. That's also the longest scene played by any actor at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio this year. Some little trouper," he added, teasingly.

"Do you wonder," said Sonja, "that I love movie work when my director says such nice things? Anyway, it is good to be back in Hollywood. As usual, mother and I spent the summer at our home in Oslo, Norway, where the war clouds didn't reach us. Even during the three days we spent in Paris on our return trip, we heard nothing alarming, so you can imagine the shock when there was a command for a blackout on the Normandie the first night at sea.

"By the time we landed in New York, we decided [Continued on page 63]

Above: "I know that love and marriage are needed to make a woman's life complete," says Sonja. Right: She loves to dine and dance with Lee Bowman. Lower right: Alan Curtis is a favorite escort. Below: With Robert Cummings in "Everything Happens at Night," her latest picture. It is only recently that Sonja has frequented the Hollywood night spots.



TRY ANYTHING ONCE!

That's Jimmy Cagney's advice and he's always lived up to it, himself, ever since the day he quit being a parcel wrapper in a department store to become a female impersonator in a chorus!

By
Jack
Holland



IF JIMMY CAGNEY had not been willing to take a chance shot at anything that came his way, he might still be working as a wrapper in a department store. Or he might have been a doctor. Or a manager in a department store. But he most certainly would never have been the personable Cagney of the cinema.

Becoming an actor was just another one of those unexpected events that have marked his career. The stage and the footlights were merely vague words to him. But he had to eat and he had to help support his family, so he made up his mind that he'd try anything at least once. Something would be bound to happen. It did. It threw him right into a business that was as unfamiliar to him as training tigers and lions would be to Hedy Lamarr.

Surveying the gentleman in question at the Warner Brothers studio one day at lunch, where he had just finished putting his new picture, "The Roaring Twenties," to bed, I could almost understand how fate had played such a big part in his case. The challenging chin, the pugnacious mouth, the scrutinizing eyes set him apart as a person whom you could very easily imagine taking life by the horns and saying: "Show me a thing I can't try once. Nothing has ever stopped me yet."

"I never had the least idea of becoming an actor," Jimmy told me in his quiet, direct manner. "In fact, I never had the slightest leaning toward the stage. It was just another one of those things that happen to guys like me."

"I belonged to a dramatic club when I was a kid, just to be with some of my friends. I might have gotten off a few dramatic excerpts here and there, but nothing was farther from my thoughts than becoming an actor."

"At this time, I had just graduated from high school and was working as a wrapper in a department store. I met a chap there who seemed to think I was all right. He had some

Above left: In "The Oklahoma Kid," his first western, Jimmy refused a double for the trick riding, claiming he'd done it before, but he hadn't. Left: He has played every instrument, some very poorly, but his pride and joy is his guitar which he plays well. He sings a bit, too.



friends in vaudeville doing a cheap act—you know, chorus, songs, stuff like that. Fellows made up as girls were the chorus, by the way. One day, this man said that if I could dance, he could get me a job in the chorus with the act. And I'd be paid twenty-five dollars a week.

"Well, my wrapping was only netting me about twelve dollars a week, so I decided there was no time like the present to advance myself. I went to the manager of the act and applied for the job. 'Can you dance?' he asked. 'Sure!' I answered. Well, the next day I was in vaudeville.

"Maybe I was a fool for taking the chance, for I'd never danced a step in my life. Sure I had gone in for some ballroom twirling a little, and I managed to look presentable on a dance floor, but as for routine steps in a chorus, I didn't know a one-two-three from a kick. I managed to get through all right by getting some pointers from the other fellows in the line."

Jimmy didn't mention the costume he wore in this act, but you can use your own imagination as to the appearance of Female Impersonator Cagney. Who said he wouldn't try anything once!

Jimmy was able to get by this time because he had natural grace and a good sense of rhythm. In fact, by the end of the first week he did the routines better than some of the well-trained members of the chorus. Not that I mean to imply he was sensational. Far from it. He was adequate and that got him by.

The act lasted three months and it gave Jimmy a theatre fever. It wasn't a high temperature that he began to run whenever he trod the boards. It was merely a slowly mounting and conscious rise. To Jimmy, it had nothing to do with glamour. It was twenty-five dollars a week and better pay in sight that made him look upon the stage as a pretty good bet.

One day, the manager of the act [Continued on page 64]



Above: Enjoying the company of Edward G. Robinson and Pat O'Brien. With Humphrey Bogart in "The Roaring Twenties;" also with Jeffrey Lynn, Gladys George, Priscilla Lane and Bogart in the same film. Right: Jimmy's been an amateur boxer and now an expert gardener.



Pictorial Profile of

Olivia de Havilland

Photos by
Gene Lester

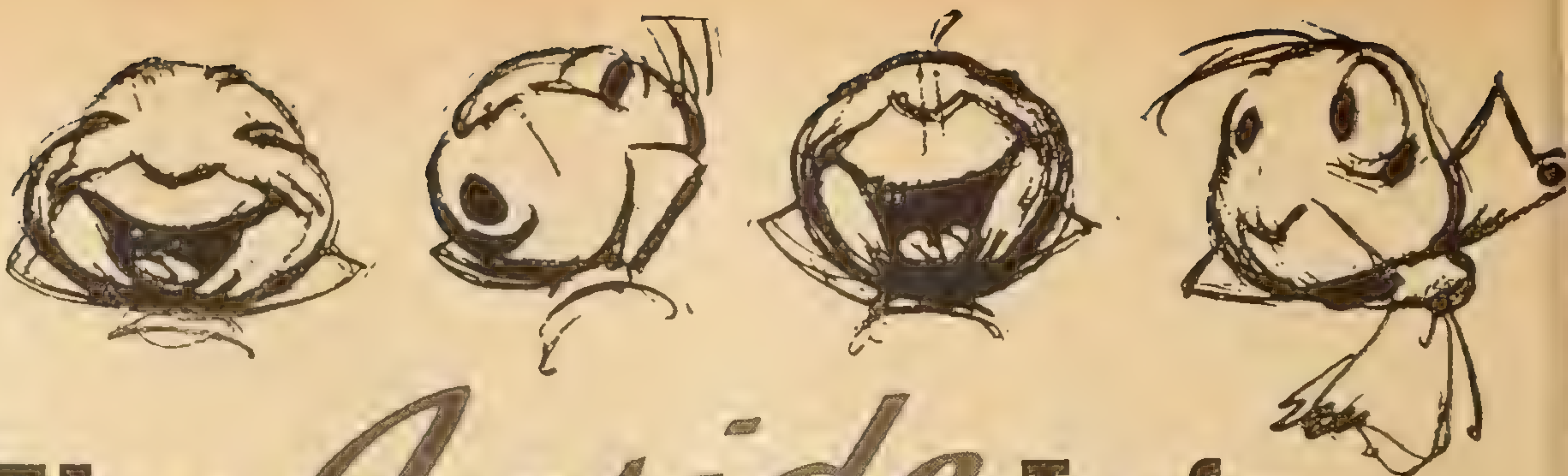
HAVING a free day from studio work is a rare treat for Olivia so she starts for town in sprightly fashion, because she's got things to do. First, there's the marketing to be done and how she loves to do it! She stops at the grocery store and then at the flower shop which isn't far away. Olivia's next stop is at the fruit and vegetable market where she also visits the meat department. Her shopping for the day completed, Olivia is all set to do something that's been on her mind for months—visit the Griffith Park Observatory in Los Angeles. She skips into her station wagon, gets directions and is off!





SHE arrives and finds it a refreshing thrill to be able to get so marvelous a view of the beauty of California. She peers through the high-powered telescope and sees for miles and miles around. Olivia joins a lecture tour and learns many amazing facts about Mars. After several hours at the Observatory, Olivia returns home and, still full of the wonders of astronomy, goes to her library in the living room and gets out a book on the subject. When the evening of her holiday comes she is escorted by Director George ("Gone With The Wind") Cukor to the premiere of "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" at the Beverly Theatre in Beverly Hills. Olivia appears in this film with Bette Davis and handsome Errol Flynn.





The *Inside* Info

on Jiminy Cricket



JIMINY CRICKET, one of the principal characters in Walt Disney's second full-length feature, "Pinocchio," comes of a long line of thespians. His uncle, Gerald Grasshopper, received wild acclaim in the Disney short production of "The Grasshopper and the Ants." His cousin Wilbur, who is Gerald Grasshopper's grandson, made his screen debut last spring in another Disney production, "Goofy and Wilbur."

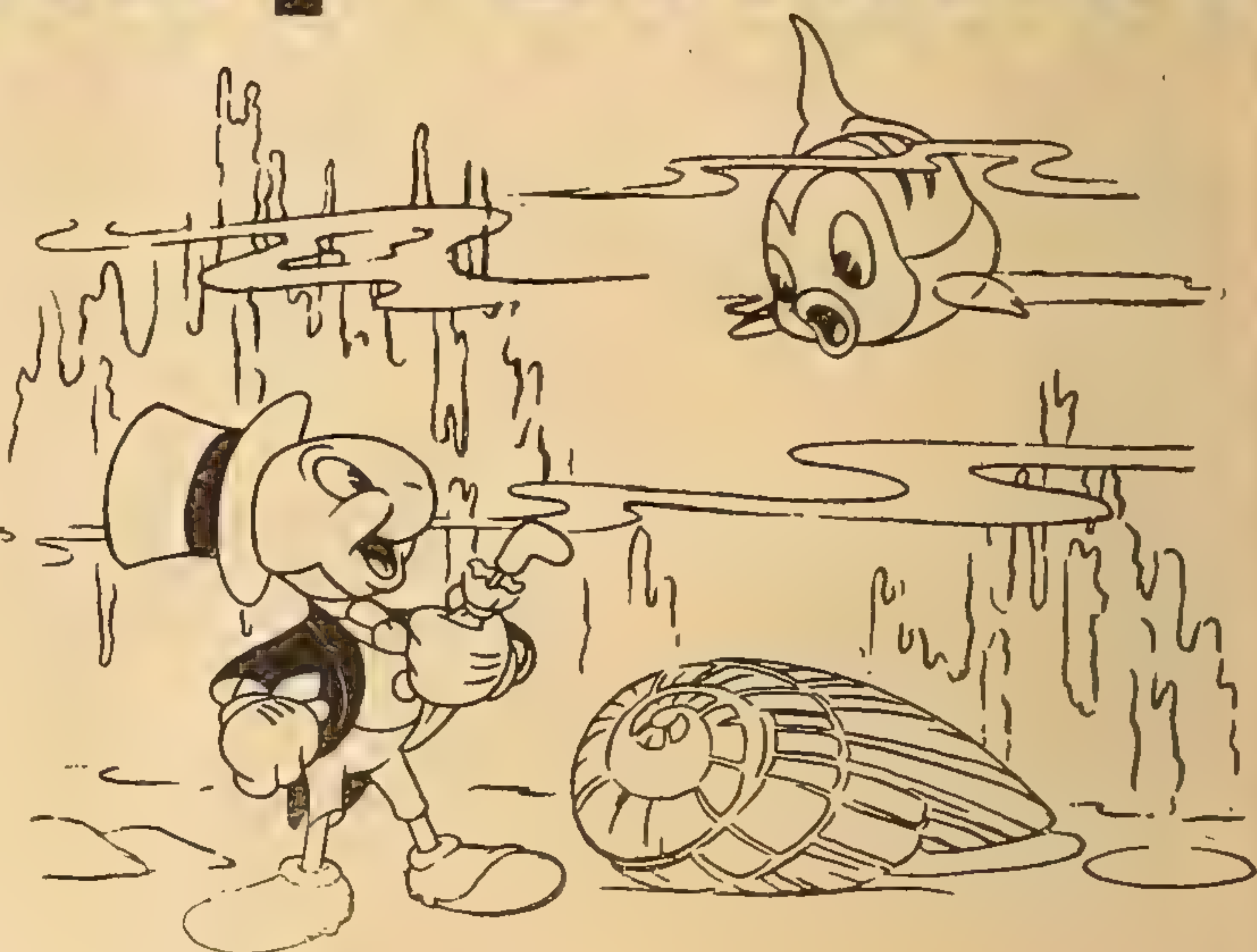
Jiminy fell heir to one of the prize acting plums of the year by the tip of his antennae. He almost lost out to an ant!

The story men wanted an insect or tiny creature who would irritate and worry the puppet Pinocchio whenever he was on the brink of getting into trouble. Since Pinocchio is made of wood, they suggested an ant. That social little termite was a "natural" for the part.

Although the ant seemed a perfect bit of casting, his diminutive size presented problems. The artists found that he would be extremely difficult to animate and keep his size in proportion to the rest of the characters.

Walt reminded the boys that in the C. Collodi original story of "Pinocchio"—the tale of the marionette who comes to life—there was a cricket who warned Pinocchio against trouble. For this favor Pinocchio, who, while endowed with life, has still to acquire the true feelings of a little boy, killed the cricket. But the cricket's voice continued with him, through one thrilling scrape after another, acting as a conscience, endeavoring always by good counsel to counteract

Jiminy Cricket has more changes of expression than any character ever before seen in animated cartoons. The animators claim he was more fun to work on than the others in "Pinocchio."



Pinocchio's natural bent for getting into trouble.

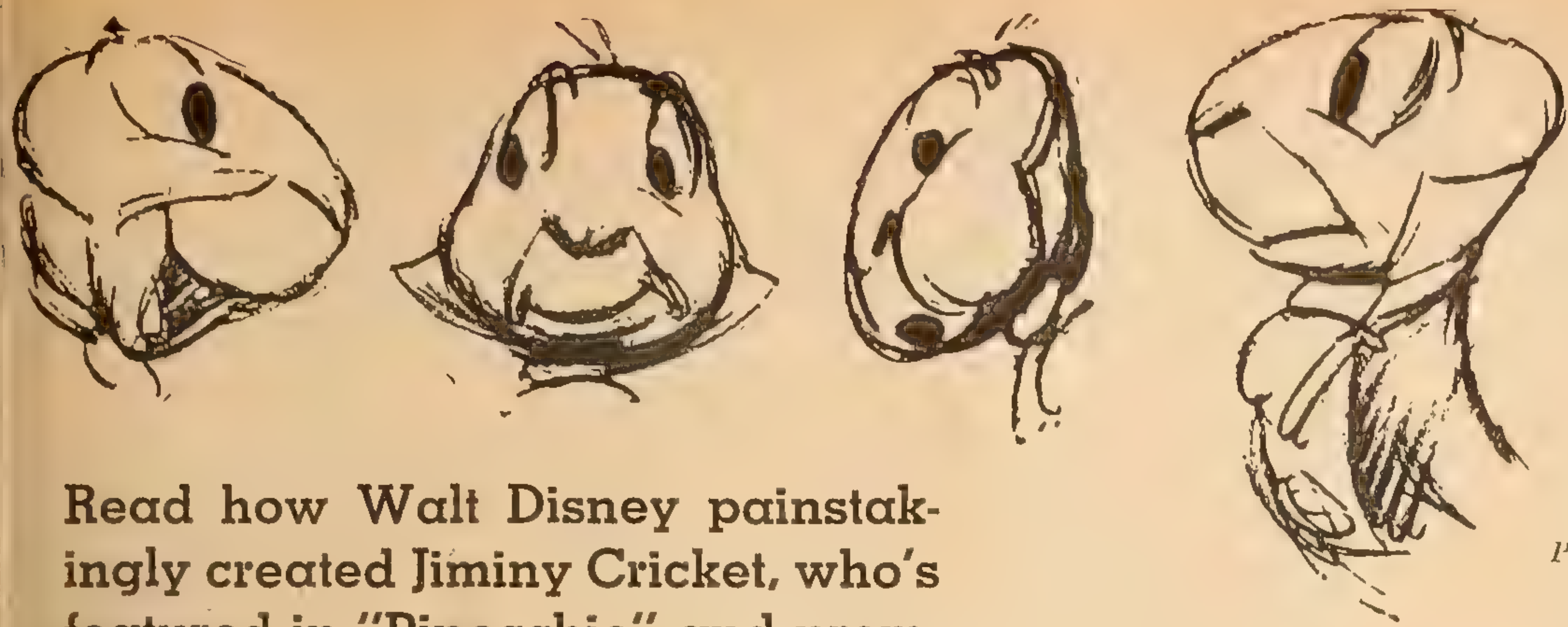
To Jiminy's good fortune, however, Walt and the boys, in their production, decided to let the cricket live and to build up the character considerably.

The Character Model department immediately was set to work drawing sketches of a cricket who would fit the role to be portrayed. In Disney's version of the story, the Blue Fairy, over-hearing the old wood-carver wish that the puppet he has carved could be alive, decides to grant his wish. She accordingly endows Pinocchio with life. To make him a *real* boy, with a sense of right and wrong, is beyond her power. This, depending upon how he lives, can be done only by Pinocchio himself.

But the Blue Fairy knows that Pinocchio, without a sense of right or wrong, will meet many temptations before he achieves the right to become a real boy, and charges Jiminy, who happens to be looking on from the old wood-carver's hearth, with the task of helping Pinocchio attain real boyhood. She promises Jiminy a gold badge if he does his job well. And with the super-elegant title of "Lord High Keeper of the Knowledge of Right and Wrong," she appoints Jiminy official conscience to Pinocchio.

In this connection, it is interesting to know that the choice of a cricket to play the role of a conscience was not a haphazard one. Of all insect life the cricket is best suited for the part. The human home is the favorite habitat of the cricket, and his song never rings so cheerily as when human companionship is near. The early Romans



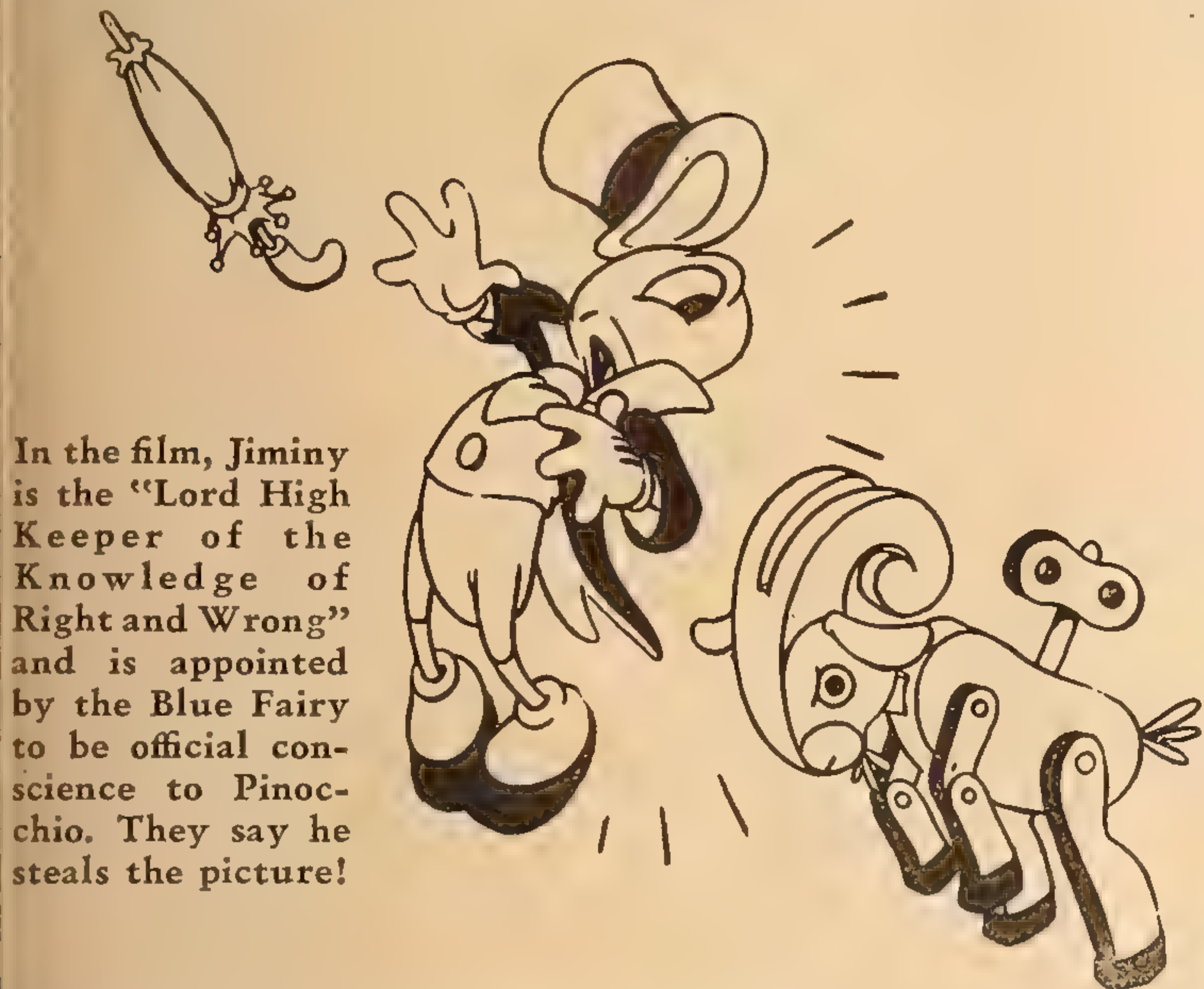


Copyright
1939
Walt
Disney
Productions



Read how Walt Disney painstakingly created Jiminy Cricket, who's featured in "Pinocchio" and promises to become another sensation like Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck!

By Ronald Bryant



In the film, Jiminy is the "Lord High Keeper of the Knowledge of Right and Wrong" and is appointed by the Blue Fairy to be official conscience to Pinocchio. They say he steals the picture!

deemed the cricket an omen of good luck.

The literature of all ages attests the dependence to be placed in the cricket. The usual run of them are not adventurous souls. They are quite content to sit on the warm hearth, feeding on stray crumbs and repaying their benefactors with their cheery song.

Fortunately for Jiminy, however, for he never would have won his role in "Pinocchio" otherwise, crickets are a prolific breed. They are among others related to the grasshoppers, the katydids, locusts, the mole crickets, the praying mantises and a score of other flying or hopping gadabouts. For Jiminy's role takes him into high adventure and calls for iron nerves, and what it takes to keep Pinocchio in line Jiminy many times proves he possesses.

It would be easy to be misled concerning Jiminy's real character. He's a crooner and richly upholds the family's tradition for singing ability. In "Pinocchio," he is entrusted with several songs, ranging from a gay, lilting ditty to a sweet ballad.

The very first sketches of Jiminy depicted him as just a cricket, pure, simple and unadulterated. But Walt decided that the cricket should have more human characteristics. He wanted one who talked and wore clothes. Back went the sketches to the Character Model department where a wardrobe was sketched for the cricket.

Walt conceived the character as a pompous but good-hearted soul who mixed up his axioms in his tongue-twisting efforts at flowery speech.

The next stage in Jiminy's creation presented him as an elderly soul—in a pompous heel-teetering manner. He was a frustrated opera singer with grandiose ideas. As the story progressed, the business Jiminy had to do really called for a younger character. So Walt defied the universal law of creation—which decrees that everything shall grow older from the moment of creation—by shaving years off Jiminy. And behold a gay, debonair young blade!

Jiminy started this life as a lean, lanky old cricket, with a long segmented thorax. As he grew younger, he also grew short and plumper and this thorax became more like a human torso. His feet and hands were made bigger—the better to put across the action. His cheeks were given a new and expressive roundness. His face wasn't always so mobile. When Jiminy was first created they found his long face was too stiff. About the only part of it to have some expression were the eyes. The artists discovered that if Jiminy were given the bloom of youthful, pliable round cheeks, he would be better off.

Jiminy might easily be called the man with a thousand faces! Shades of Lon Chaney! He has more changes of expression than any character ever before seen in animated pictures. There are sheafs of model sheets demonstrating to the animators the complete gamut of Jiminy's facial abilities.

In re-arranging Jiminy's face, his mouth underwent a decided change. Before he was given a new mouth, dialogue supposedly coming from his mouth sounded as if he [Continued on page 63]

Jiminy's diminutive size presented great problems in the matter of his wardrobe. He's about the size of your thumbnail. He started life as a lean, lanky old cricket, but Walt Disney made him younger, shorter and plumper. In fact, he's a gay debonair young blade!



Mother Confides About Jane

How does Mrs. Withers feel about Jane's changing from a prankish child to a boy-conscious adolescent who loves clothes, perfume and her own way? Her philosophy may surprise you

By Ben Maddox



Jane isn't a kid anymore and in place of her dolls and pets prefers archery, dancing, and wants to attend college.

THREE weeks before Jane Withers' mother took Jane to Hollywood, she kept an appointment she'd made to have her fortune told.

It was a secret, this consultation, even from Jane's father.

What would the old negro mammy foresee? Solid Georgia business men went to that shack, ten miles from Atlanta, and swore by those predictions!

Jane only laughed as mother and daughter drove out Stone Mountain Road. But everything Mrs. Withers held dear clutched at her heart. Ruth Withers was positive she was doing the right thing in trying to get Jane into pictures.

Still some of their relatives felt she

was deliberately breaking up her home. She knew she was just leaving Mr. Withers temporarily, until Jane had a contract in Hollywood. He'd agreed to send them West with enough money to last six months.

Slowly, solemnly, the old mammy cut her pack of cards and began to read them. She had no idea who this woman was, this small, gentle, brown-eyed, brown-haired lady from town. Yet she looked up sharply, breaking the languidness of the lazy afternoon, and said, "You are going to take a long trip. When this only child of yours is ten she will be a great success!"

This prophesy was reassuring. Yet dismaying, too. For Mrs. Withers was ready to leave and Jane was but five years old then.

Without telling a soul of this

Left: It was a long two-year struggle in Hollywood before Jane was finally given a decent role and a contract. Below: Mrs. Withers, who always wanted to be an actress herself, rehearsing a number with Jane.



episode, mother and daughter boarded a train to crash the movies. Ruth resolutely decided she'd forget that many of her friends thought her too ambitious.

When Jane's mother confessed this unknown story to me the other day I asked her if she had ever let the old mammy know how accurate her fortune-telling had been. Because Jane didn't become a star until she was, actually, ten.

"I wrote her a year ago," Ruth Withers declared, "and told her I certainly did remember that visit to her. Those things are hard to understand, aren't they?"

Still gentle, though she has been managing the fame and money that have poured in on Jane, this unspoiled movie mother showed me through the comfortably beautiful home success has bought.

"I was determined that Jane should have a chance to be an actress because I myself always wanted to act. This was my own suppressed desire. And quite liter-



Above: Jane with her mother and dad who have guided her so wisely in her rise to stardom. Right: Jane as the lovely lady she is today—sweet, unselfish, capable and self-reliant.



ally it was suppressed. I couldn't do anything about it because my parents absolutely refused to listen to me.

"My 'strange notion' was considered absolutely ridiculous. My father insisted a girl belonged at home entirely; I couldn't even have dancing lessons. Any such outlandish ability as acting, any individuality like that was definitely forbidden.

"I believe differently towards Jane. She showed a talent for imitations when she was little more than a baby. I believe a woman can be loyal to a husband and amount to something besides, so I encouraged Jane's eagerness to act. I mean—a woman *can* be a careerist!

"A month after I was seventeen I graduated from high school in Louisville and a month later I married and settled down in Atlanta. Yet in all the thrill of having a house and of being partied as a bride, I was honest with Mr. Withers. He agreed, before our marriage, that if we had a daughter and she had any genuine leaning for acting I could train her for a career. So when Jane was born I chose her first name because it would be good for theatre billing!

"I'd never have forced Jane to act," she added. "Pushing a child into some profession merely because a mother had an unrecognized bent for it is the height of selfishness. That's as unfair as ignoring potential ability and a child's longing to achieve. But I wasn't disappointed, for Jane sang before she talked and danced before she could walk. At two-and-a-half I enrolled her in a private dancing school and she began ballet and tap lessons then. At three she won amateur night contests in Atlanta theatres."

That led directly to the radio. For two years she was featured by an Atlanta station. Mrs. Withers took her to a movie and then Jane would mimic the star vocally, after seeing a picture only once.

"When she was five she had gone as far as she could in Georgia, and I knew she could be amusing on the screen," continued Jane's mother. "It was an important decision to leave my home and husband. My marriage was very happy. We were comfortable; I had help, a car, a circle of nice friends. Mr. Withers was in charge of a national rubber company's office.

"But he remembered his promise to me, and so he and I planned a time and money

limit for tackling Hollywood. If I failed with Jane I would be back. But," she smiled, "I must admit I didn't buy round-trip tickets. I knew that it would be Mr. Withers who'd be joining us!

"I arrived in Hollywood armed with letters of recommendation to the chief studio executives, given to Jane by the Atlanta radio station, theatre managers, and newspaper critics. The first thing I did was to locate a small apartment and have a telephone put in. When no one called on the phone, when the letters made no dent, Jane and I went the rounds of the studios every day by street car and bus. I soon discovered I'd rented an apartment blocks from all transportation facilities.

"It was a two-year struggle before Jane was given a strong role, and a contract. When the six months were up I wrote Mr. Withers and explained Hollywood as I'd found it, telling him I still had the greatest faith in Jane and that all she needed was one real opportunity. Luckily for me and for Jane, he was big enough to trust me, to gamble longer, to hang on, too.

"While I was just persisting, Jane was in a private school for more dancing lessons. She also entertained at club benefits. I was forever hoping she'd be noticed at them. She was, but if you have no past screen record it is so difficult to get inside studio walls."

After eight months, however, Jane got into a picture.

"As an extra. I was as excited as though she had a part; it might mean that elusive break. I stayed with her on the set. But then, even when she was a baby I wouldn't go to a bridge or dinner party unless I could bring her along and put her to sleep at my hostess's.

"I can sympathize with all those tales about being cut out, of being the face on the cutting-room floor, for I scribbled an elated note to Atlanta about Jane's first

movie role—which eventually materialized—and then she was only in a minute flash!" More singing and dancing in neighborhood theatres in Hollywood at dozens of benefits, and Mrs. Withers heard that a Hollywood radio station wanted a lead for a juvenile radio revue. Five hundred girls competed. Jane was chosen, and headlined the program for a year, all the while trying for picture parts. Then, one day, two hundred children were up for the role of the meanie in a Shirley Temple film. When Jane was rejected because she didn't have a box-office name, she cannily began doing imitations that bowled the casting director over, and she got the part which led to her big success.

"Today Jane has everything I've wanted for her. She has this career that intrigues her imagination; she's doing what she is qualified to do, establishing herself in a profession which will become even more fascinating as she matures.

"And I see no disadvantage in her life. None. True, she is thrown with older people because of her work, but I've never let her suppose she was on any sort of a pedestal. I've never kept her apart from other children. Just because she's in pictures she hasn't become artificial, or lost out on any of the joys of childhood. I bought twin beds for her bedroom so that every week-end [Continued on page 65]

Reviews

Direct from the West Coast



NINOTCHKA

GARBO HAS A GAY TIME AND SO WILL YOU—M-G-M

THIS is the picture in which Garbo laughs—and a mighty hearty laugh it is, too. But Garbo's laugh will be nothing compared with yours for this is the gayest, most sophisticated, and utterly delightful comedy that you have seen in ages. Directed by Ernest Lubitsch the picture is full of those quite famous and slightly naughty "Lubitsch touches." As soon as you accustom yourself to the fact that your favorite dramatic actress has turned comedienne you enter right in the fun, and fun there's plenty. Garbo even pokes fun at herself by announcing in one scene "We want to be alone." And Garbo on a champagne bender, and with a hang-over, well really! The cleverly written story has to do with the arrival in Paris of three comrades of the Soviet Board of Trade who are there to sell the jewels of a one-time grand duchess (*Ina Claire*), who unfortunately for them, happens to live in Paris and happens to have for her boy friend a very smooth Parisian (*Melvyn Douglas*). Melvyn teaches the Russians how to get fun out of life, thoroughly demoralizing them, so an envoy extraordinary—Garbo herself—is sent to Paris to save the situation and sell the jewels. But alas, she too, runs afoul of the smooth talking Mr. Douglas—and, alas, alas, falls in love with him. There are all sorts of merry complications with the lovers finally getting together in Constantinople where the former Soviet Board of Trade has opened up a restaurant. Now that Garbo talks, and laughs, what will she do next?

Greta Garbo is excellent in "Ninotchka," a romantic comedy, in which Melvyn Douglas is her leading man.

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX

BETTE DAVIS DOES IT AGAIN!—Warner Brothers

BETTE DAVIS as Queen Elizabeth, age forty, gives another of her superb performances and triple cinches ("*The Old Maid*" and "*Dark Victory*") the Academy Award again this year. This is the most difficult role that Bette has undertaken to date, but without one bit of quibbling or glamorizing she portrays Elizabeth as Elizabeth [Continued on page 73]



Harpo Marx is still gayly chasing after blondes as you can see in this scene with Florence Rice from "At The Circus," starring the Marx Brothers. Left: Bette Davis gives an Academy Award performance in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex," and Errol Flynn also contributes a characterization which is one of the highlights of the 1939 season.

Till Now!

The first of a startling series of private life experiences of certain Hollywood personalities whose identities, for obvious reasons, must be left to your own imagination

By Elizabeth
Benneche Peterson

"It wasn't long after that Sally became the target of Hollywood's whispering club and God help any one who finds herself in that position. The thing starts at house parties, cocktail parties and dinners, then hints come out in gossip columns and soon into front page headlines."



I SAW Carole Lombard to-day when I was going down to Encino to get my marketing done. My little rattle-trap car, new two years ago but old before its time because of the thousands and thousands of Hollywood miles it's climbed in those years, went right past the place Carole and Clark call "The Farm." The nice thing about it is that they mean it. They're not calling it that with their tongues in their cheeks.

Of course, I wouldn't call it a farm, but then I haven't got what Carole and Clark have. And sometimes I wonder if I had, whether I'd be as darn nice and simple about it all as they are. But I'll probably never have a chance to find out about that.

"Hi, there!" Carole called and straightened up from the garden patch she'd been kneeling in front of and waved a handful of weeds at me. "Listen," she warned, "if you're out to interview me I'm not going to say a word about our marriage or the way we feel about each other or any of that. As far as our marriage is concerned Clark and I are going to be known as poor copy to all you fan sleuths. But if you've come as a pal, well come right in and we'll gab. Tea'll be ready in a minute."

"I haven't even time for tea," I yelled as I rode by in a swirl of dust, having stepped on the gas when I thought I was stepping on the brakes. But then I never was mechanically minded.

Seeing Carole standing there in her slacks, looking so happy I knew she wouldn't be able to help telling about it, made me wish I was out on an interview. "Gee, I'll bet I could have gotten a story out of Carole to-day," I told myself.

That was the fan writer in me talking. But the other me, the girl who's got sort of a conscience about promises and things giped at the scribbler half. "Yeah, and so what!" she said. "You couldn't use it anyway if you promised Carole you wouldn't!"

So I felt better about going on my way and poking among the sacks of chicken feed and fertilizers at the market. Better about the promise I'd made my husband when we got married, too. It seems he's an old-fashioned guy, that man I married. He doesn't want a gal who thinks, breathes and eats printer's ink, and who's always dashing off on an interview when he's got an afternoon off. His idea of a wife is one who's ready to play when he is and who'll turn out a beef stew and a chocolate cake for dinner and brag about how many eggs our chickens are laying. Yes, we bought a farm. Only ours really is a farm. Ten acres and a tiny hacienda you can just barely

manage to turn around in.

But I felt like an old circus horse straining at the smell of sawdust. After all I'd spent ten years of my life writing about Hollywood and its people, knowing all of them, liking most of them, loving some and hating a few and thinking a good story was worth a dozen new hats with a carload of orchids thrown in.

I thought of the stories I'd written, the scoops I'd gotten. And then I thought of other scoops I couldn't do anything about and the stories I'd never written. The stories I couldn't tell.

And I remembered Sally Carruth. Only that isn't her real name. You wouldn't get that out of me by torture. And of the day she came to Hollywood. And of the day she left.

What a story that was and how I wanted to write it. I even had the name picked out. Hollywood's Girl Friend. That's what I was going to call it.

It wasn't that I had promised not to write it. For I hadn't. It was only that there are certain things you can't do and still be able to sleep nights. And even though my quota of stories was minus one that month and my editor was furious because I came back without the story he'd wanted and the landlord had to wait for the rent, I wasn't sorry I hadn't written it.

For if I'm writing with anybody's lifeblood it'll be my own and not someone else's.

I did write a story about Sally the first day I met her. Only it wasn't just about her. She shared it with six or seven other kids who'd been picked as comers. The Wampus Baby Stars were always worth a back-in-the-book routine story.

I didn't like her at all when I talked to her. It was a disappointment, because at first sight she was the one who appealed to me most. She was small and had one of those slim, rounded figures that even a woman could see was devastating. Her eyes were as blue as the lupines crowding the meadows, her hair was the color of the California poppies springing up beside them and her mouth was like a flower too, above her small pointed chin.

But you can't tell about little, appealing girls. Publicity was new to those kids and the rest of them were diffident and giggled a little when I asked them questions. But not Sally.

I'd never seen anyone who could push as well as that girl. There wasn't anything shy about her. She was trying to be as palsy walsy as if we'd gone to the same kindergarten, and I resented it. Because it didn't take (Continued on page 70)

Pictures on the fire!

By Dick Mook



Una Merkel and Marlene Dietrich square off for their amusing fight in "Destry Rides Again," which Dick Mook describes in detail for you.

Visits to the sets and chats with the players about forthcoming flickers

M-G-M

OF COURSE, the Big Noise out here this month is "The Broadway Melody of 1940" starring Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell, to say nothing of George Murphy and Director Norman Taurog.

More fun on this set. When I arrive Mr. Murphy is what might be called "glum." Seems he had a 1:00 o'clock call,

but he was awakened by the assistant director in the middle of the night, so to speak (about 9:00 AM) and told he was needed on the set immediately. When he arrived he found he was "needed" by Frank Morgan who "needed" someone to play rummy with him. It was easier to stay than go home and come back again so George stayed. And, to show how Fate manipulates the strings, he has not only lost several hours' sleep but a tidy sum of money besides—about \$2.65 to be exact.

Then I glance at Mr. Fred Astaire. He is wearing a sort of medal on a chain around his neck. I look closer and find it is a miniature dog-house with his name on it.

"What the—" I begin.

"He blew," a voice at my elbow informs me. I turn to find it's Norman Taurog. Norm means he blew up in his lines. Whenever a member of one of

Norman's companies muffs a scene he has to wear this decoration all day to show he's in the dog-house. Which just goes to show what a swell director Norman is because I mean there are really very few directors who can kid with Mr. A.

Before I have a chance to chin with him (Norman, that is, not Mr. Astaire) the assistant says they're ready, so the artists take their places—all save Mr. Murphy and Mr. Morgan who continue with their rummy game, to Mr. Murphy's discomfiture.

The scene is the waiting room of a top-flight Broadway producer who is casting for a new revue. Fred sits on an elaborate leather bench, flanked on one side by Joe Yule and on the other by Fritzi Fruchanti.

"Hello," she beams at Fred.

"Hello," he answers with a sickly grin.

"What do YOU do?" she inquires.

"I'm a juggler," he answers, naming the first thing that pops into his head, wondering where she's been all her life that she has to ask what Fred Astaire does. He turns to talk to Joe when something attracts his attention. He turns to see Fritzi balancing and twirling a couple of large rubber balls on the ends of her fingers.

"You try it," she invites.

From then on until the end of the scene life is one long embarrassment to Fred, because she performs one difficult feat after another, pausing after each to invite him to try it. And poor Fred can't even juggle a nickel so it will come heads when he matches Jerry Asher for dinner.

* * *

NEXT we have "Northwest Passage," adapted from the novel of the same name. If you haven't read it by this time you should have so I don't aim to waste valuable space giving you the plot.



Pat O'Brien, as the famous Father Duffy, with Jimmy Cagney, as a hard-boiled private, in "The Fighting 69th."



Mickey Rooney's father, Joe Yule, appears with him in "Judge Hardy and Son." His role is unimportant, but they have a good scene together.

This is a scene near the beginning of the picture where Spencer Tracy, Robert Young and Walter Brennan meet for the first time in the Flintlock Tavern. They're singing "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" in order to humor an old, drunken Indian guide (*Andrew Pena*) whom Spence wants to get on the march again.

Originally, the studio planned to have a professional trio in to do the singing, but the result was too awful. So they decided to utilize their own talent. Didn't Spencer sing in "Captains Courageous?" Didn't Young sing in "Honolulu?" And didn't Brennan sing in musical comedy? So three guys who are swell actors give up acting for singing. After an hour's practice they're all tuckered out.

"The whole trouble," Spence moans, "is we're all trying to sing harmony and nobody is carrying the melody."

"There isn't a bucket around here big enough for the three of us to carry it in," Brennan quiets him.

"What difference does it make?" Young argues. "We're supposed to be slightly tipsy in this scene. People'll just think we're more tipsy than we're supposed to be—I hope."

"We better shoot it the way they've been doing it," opines Pena, who has been lying with his face buried in his arms on the table. "The way those three have been singing it would be enough to bring any drunk to his senses."

And King Vidor (*who directs all too few pictures these days*) agrees with him and shoots it.

"Get away from me, you bum," Spence squawks as I approach. "Your niece and nephew (*his children*) have practically grown up and wouldn't even know you

any more it's been so long since you've been out to see them."

* * *

HE'S right. I promise to mend my ways and then saunter over to the next stage where Lionel Barrymore is disporting himself in "The Secret of Dr. Kildare."

Lew Ayres, as *Dr. Kildare*, has ordered Lionel to bed. Because he's been sent to bed in his personal quarters, the M-G-M property department have practically denuded Lionel's dressing room. They've taken his etchings off his wall to hang them on the set. His etching press, phonograph and various instruments are scattered about, giving it more the appearance of his own dressing-room than a set.

[Continued on page 56]

Flora Robson, George Raft, Jane Bryan and William Holden in "Invisible Stripes," a Warner Brothers Picture. Read how this was made.



His nurse, Laraine Day, is hovering around.

"I'd like a cigarette," Lionel begins, but instead of handing him one she goes to the foot of the bed and consults the chart. "Never mind the chart," Lionel snaps, "give me a cigarette."

"No cigarettes," she reads.

"Are you going to mind me or that fool piece of paper?" he demands.

"No cigarettes," is the verdict.

"Mary," he wheedles, very pleasantly, "I'm going to give you some advice. The great trick of being a successful nurse is to obey the rules and, at the same time, keep the patient happy."

"In MY book," Laraine replies, equally pleasantly, "it says: 'Obey the rules—period.'"

"Cut!" calls the director.

"Gimme a cigarette," Lionel calls.

"No cigarettes," Laraine reminds him in the same tone she used in the scene, but his stand-in, Frank Stevens, hands him one and holds a match. He puffs contentedly—for a moment.

"He's getting the set full of smoke," Al Gilks, the camera man complains.

"Darn a sick room anyhow," Lionel complains as he goes outside to smoke. "There's always a catch in anything that looks good," he adds, glancing meaningfully in Miss Day's direction.

* * *

THE last picture on this lot is "Judge Hardy & Son."

Mickey Rooney and his father, Joe Yule, are playing their first scene together.

I rub my eyes as I spot Joe. "I just saw you an hour ago on 'The Broadway Melody' set," I expostulate to Joe.

"I'm doubling in brass," he replies, lapsing into carnival lingo.

"Ready," calls Director George Seitz, so Joe leaves me to take his place.

The scene is in front of a tire shop. Mickey's car is parked at the curb. Joe is the tire shop proprietor. He looks like a retired prize-fighter. In fact, he is a retired prize-fighter—but his possibilities are dangerous. On the sidewalk he is unwrapping a beautiful new tire. Alongside is an open box draped with a beautiful new tube at which Andy is staring, fascinated.

"Gonna be open on the Fourth of July?" Mickey inquires in what he hopes is a nonchalant tone.

"No!" says Joe, "but why not take 'em now?"

"I—I haven't got the cash right now," Mickey answers awkwardly, "but," enthusiastically, "my dad practically guaranteed I'd have fifty bucks on the Fourth."

"Take 'em now—and pay me then. BUT—PAY—ME!" Joe admonishes him.

During the scene Mickey has been backing away from the camera. So has Joe.

"Say!" Director Seitz cuts in sarcastically, "What's the matter with you two? Are you camera shy?"

"No," says Mickey, "but you wouldn't want me to steal a scene from my own father, would you?"

"Don't you worry about me, my lad," Joe interrupts. "I was stealing scenes



Shirley Ross wore a lace-up back evening gown, reminiscent of the old-fashioned corset, to the Grove recently and much to her embarrassment it became undone and hubby Ken Dolan had the job of lacing Shirley in public.

before you were born. Remember that."

"Isn't he wonderful?" Mickey whispers to me. "Gosh, Dick—"

I only hope they make the "Father and Son" banquet at the Breakfast Club next spring.

There being nothing more to see on this lot, I betake myself to—

Universal

TWO big pictures shooting out here.

The first is "Green Hell" and I mean to tell you they really have a big cast for this one: Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Joan Bennett, Alan Hale, George Sanders, John Howard, George Bancroft, Vincent Price and Mala. The time is the present and the setting is the jungles of the upper Amazon in Brazil.

Alan is an archaeologist preparing for an expedition into the jungles in search of Inca temples, tombs and treasure. Doug is the woman-hating son of a famous explorer who is in charge of the expedition in which is included, besides the natives, Sanders, Price, Bancroft, George Garrick, Frank MacDonald, Mala and Peter Bronte. Credits where credits are due, I always say.

For three weeks the party goes up the Javary River (you can find this on your atlas because in the Americas names don't change as often as in Europe) and then into the narrow, sluggish, mist hung Snake River. You know all this old tropic atmosphere: jungle growth, terrific heat, huge alligators (and you must remind me to tell you sometime about the time I saw a big alligator in the Memphis zoo eat a little one), man-eating Piranha fish, anacondas, noxious insects, cannibalistic Indians—and then the long trek through the jungle . . . harrowing days with the men near the breaking point. They build their camp near some mounds and then, after a year of digging, they are rewarded by uncovering an Inca Temple. While exploring the temple they

are observed by hostile Indians whose poisoned arrows seriously wound Price. One of the men is sent back for serum and returns, bringing not only the serum, but Price's wife, Joan Bennett. Of course, Price has died in the meantime, but that's part of the plot. Joan learns from Price's papers that he had an undivorced wife and two children (*the cad!*).

Doug, the woman-hater, falls in love with the young widow. Who wouldn't? She looks mighty fetching standing there in front of the Inca Temple in her black hair, a knee length skirt, leather boots that come almost to her knees, and a neutral colored blouse.

Of course, once they've discovered a ruin the quest is practically over, because they only have to dig a little more to discover other ruins and it's time for Doug to push on. The future looks pretty bleak.

After Joan and Doug have stood there at the top of the steps drinking in THE BEAUTY OF IT ALL, Joan turns to him: "Where do you go from here—when all this is over?"

"That," says Doug succinctly, "I simply do not know."

"But," she protests with that devastating Bennett sarcasm which shines through even scenario writers' lines, "I thought your future would be so full you wouldn't have time to get it all in."

"One's future can't be entirely carved stone—and ancient gold," he admits despairingly. "It suddenly seems very empty to me," he continues looking longingly at her. "What do you suggest I do with my future?"

Joan is a lady—under contract (at a healthy salary) so you'll have to see the picture (and it shouldn't be a burdensome task) to find out what she advises.

While waiting for the release of the picture, I mosey over to the next set which is—

Will Bette and Spence Win Again?

[Continued from page 17]

ranking challenger can match her year's record of four big pictures, and formidable antagonists Katharine Hepburn and Luise Rainer did not make a single picture. Irene Dunne, Carole Lombard, Alice Faye, Myrna Loy, Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Loretta Young and Priscilla Lane came closest in volume to the tireless Bette Davis, each having made three pictures. Norma Shearer made two. Joan Crawford made two. Barbara Stanwyck made two. Jean Arthur made two. Merle Oberon made two. Vivien Leigh made two. Rosalind Russell, newcomer Ingrid Bergman and Miriam Hopkins made one apiece.

Break down the year's femme summary and you find these things: that Irene Dunne turned in her best performance of the year in "Love Affair;" Carole Lombard turned in her top work in "Made for Each Other;" Alice Faye's finest performance was "Hollywood Cavalcade;" Claudette Colbert was best in "Midnight;" Merle Oberon peaked in "Wuthering Heights;" Jean Arthur hit her easiest stride in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington;" Vivien Leigh scored most importantly in "Gone With the Wind;" Priscilla Lane, always excellent, was tops in "Dust Be My Destiny;" Ginger Rogers achieved a new comedy high in "Bachelor Mother;" Rosalind Russell was most effective in "The Women;" and Norma Shearer most versatile in "Idiot's Delight."

While the mathematical odds are a wee bit in favor of defending champion Bette Davis, because she made more pictures in 1939 than the most active of her rivals, by the same token, the odds are again Spencer Tracy because he was less active

than most of his competitors. Jimmy Stewart, for instance, made five pictures to Tracy's pair of flickers; Jimmy Cagney made four; Cary Grant made four; Tyrone Power made five; Gary Cooper made three; Fred MacMurray made three; David Niven made five; John Garfield made three; Mickey Rooney made four; Errol Flynn made three. Gable, Paul Muni, Melvyn Douglas and Charles Boyer, like Tracy, were limited to two flickers. Yet it is significant that Robert Donat, one of Tracy's most feared foemen, made only one picture and delivered a rousing performance in it—"Goodbye Mr. Chips," and similarly, Laurence Olivier's one-picture challenge in "Wuthering Heights" was big-league in calibre. Similarly, Will Fyffe attracted attention in his one picture, "Rulers of the Sea." Lionel Barrymore had only one role, that of *Gramps* in "On Borrowed Time."

Out of Jimmy Stewart's five 1939 pictures came two splendid performances—his magnificent performance in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" having been preceded by another grand performance as Carole Lombard's young husband in "Made for Each Other." Yet it is the former performance that will be studied most intently by the Academy jury, because as the young senator from the west, the Princeton youngster delivered himself of a characterization that caused hats to be tossed in the air. Always before, Stewart's slow drawling address, unrelieved by a change of pace, had cheated him of histrionic greatness; but in this picture, Director Capra broke up that drawling delivery and injected fire into it and the result was electrifying.

Yet my mind goes back some months



Gloria Franklin, who performed so capably in "Lady of the Tropics," was formerly a Broadway dancer. She'd like a dancing role.

to the night of the preview of "Goodbye Mr. Chips," at the Four Star Theatre out here. On that night, Hollywood was certain that Robert Donat's performance established a new high-water mark for actors. Going up the aisle with Paul Muni, after the picture had finished, Muni said in all seriousness: "That is the greatest performance by the greatest actor on the screen!" Apart from Stewart, Donat and Laurence Olivier, we can determine these obvious facts about the other challengers: Cagney was best in "The Roaring Twenties;" Tyrone Power was at his peak in "The Rains Came;" Mickey Rooney was at his precocious best in "Babes in Arms;" Fred MacMurray hit a new high in "Honeymoon in Bali;" John Garfield scored most forcefully in "Dust Be My Destiny;" David Niven divided his best work between "Dawn Patrol" and "Bachelor Mother;" Paul Muni was splendid in "We Are Not Alone" and I liked his portrait of "Juarez;" Boyer was excellent in "Love Affair;" Melvyn Douglas turned in his top work of the year opposite Garbo, and Gable, both as Rhett Butler and the hooper of "Idiot's Delight" showed a new mastery of his work.

These then are the challengers and the specific pictures which they will rely upon in the Academy councils. Whether or not these will be sufficient to topple Tracy, who won in 1937 and repeated in 1938, is open to question. Undoubtedly, he is faced with the most difficult title defense any Academy Award winner ever has encountered.



Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy (she's behind the hat) also attended the premiere of "Hollywood Cavalcade." It was held at Hollywood's Four Star Theatre.

What Goes On in Hollywood Fitting Rooms!

[Continued from page 25]

Adrian calls Hedy Lamarr the "Good Humor Girl" because she constantly eats ice cream while she's fitting. She orders it for everyone in the room and watches them anxiously, hoping they'll leave some for her. Hedy is easy to please. She never complains as long as she has her comfort. To keep her from catching cold in the rain, Adrian designed a suit of rubber underwear for "Lady of The Tropics." Hedy had to be begged to wear it.

Luise Rainer is a bit on the bewildered side during fittings. She took everything Adrian said literally. Once when he designed a particularly sexy dress for her, the designer kiddingly remarked, "Luise, you're going to out-Harlow Harlow in this one." Luise refused to wear the dress. As a rule the Rainer likes clothes that are whimsically drab. She feels there is more greatness in the sackcloth and ashes side of it all.

Annabella is allergic to wool. Ina Claire is a worrier. But there's nothing wrong with her that a good imported label won't fix. Having worn gowns exclusively by Chanel and Schiaparelli, Ina is prone to get panicky with anything else. When Joan Crawford fits, the room looks like a miniature Grand Central Station. Joan likes an audience and usually invites half the studio in to watch. When she's particularly pleased, she behaves like a child with a new toy. When she tries on a suit, she stands in the middle of the room and whirls her arms around like twin propellers. Joan likes plenty of freedom. She'll pop the sleeves out every time unless they give it to her. Joan is a great one for changing Adrian's ideas—after she gets the clothes up to her dressing room.

It takes three designers to keep the Warner Brothers' stars well-dressed. Orry

Kelly chats a lot with his people and refrains from being a poseur. Howard Shoupe "takes his cue from them" and treats the stars accordingly. "The minute they take their clothes off they get confidential anyway," Howard explains. Milo insults the stars—in a nice way. He believes brow-beating (*kiddingly, of course*) relaxes them. If they get jittery, he agrees with everything until he finally wears them out.

They all love Marie Wilson to come in for fittings. Marie is always rushing off to attend a luncheon for the Charles Boyer Fan Club. If they drag out a little number from the good will bag, she begins screaming her appreciation before it's half-way over her head. Marie is positively captivated by every gown. She always gasps: "It's be-e-a-utiful. Where *did* you get it?" Nine times out of ten Marie has worn the dress in her last three pictures!

Olivia de Havilland is superstitious. Pink brings her good luck. So they always hide a pink taffeta bow where even Olivia can't find it. Believe it or not, the streamlined Priscilla Lane has a modesty complex. She won't even untie a shoe until the fitting room is cleared of people. Priscilla and Rosemary have their fittings together. Priscilla (*lovingly called "Beetle-brains" by her sister*) hasn't much interest in clothes. Rosemary (*lovingly called "Bird head" by Priscilla*) insists, "Pull the waist in tighter. Make the skirt *much* shorter." (*She's no fool!*)

Ann Sheridan has no vanity. They have to *force* her to look in the mirror. She has no pet fashion innovations. But she won't go for high necks. Lola Lane stages a one woman battle against "those sweet pea prints." Jane Wyman fittings are just



The seldom photographed Mrs. Brian Donlevy with her husband doing a bit of night clubbing. Isn't she pretty?

a series of "formals." (*She was married to a dress manufacturer.*) Miriam Hopkins is nervous when she fits. This makes everyone else in the room nervous too. Jane (*the precious*) Bryan goes in for realism. She was positively intrigued with the idea of playing a mother in "The Sisters." *Couldn't wait* to dress like she was going to have a baby! With May Robson it's always "Young man, I have a cameo brooch at home that will just go perfect." Before she leaves, "Muzzie" Robson always gathers up a few short ends for her Christmas neckties. On account of those roles she plays, they refer to Margaret Lindsay's wardrobe as "A little white around the neck." According to witnesses, Dolores Del Rio once got so excited over a white fringe costume, she ran up and kissed herself in the mirror. Verree Teasdale started the vogue for odd hats. Once she wore a lamp shade. And got away with it.

Ever since Bette Davis tossed discretion (*and her girdle*) to the winds and romped off with those Academy awards, all the other stars are developing a great yen to be earthy and walk with the common folk again. Everyone gets a good night's rest when Bette is expected in the wardrobe. Her enthusiasm causes them to wilt in her tracks. Bette does her own research. Once and *just once*, they tried to talk her out of wearing a bustle when she was supposed to wear a bustle. Bette is a sentimentalist, too. She likes to wear old jewelry she buys at auctions. In "The Sisters" she wore her mother's watch and hat. So Orry-Kelly had to design the rest of her costume around them.

Robert Kalloch at Columbia has an amazing sense of humor. He refuses to take the stars as seriously as they take their fittings. For Barbara Stanwyck, Kalloch would pop his stitches. Barbara hates shoes and hats. She always wears moccasins at fittings. She defies you to slip



Dick Powell dining with Gracie Allen and George Burns before starting on his sensational personal appearance tour in the East. Joan Blondell accompanied hubby Dick on the trip, but did not appear in his act.



You're right, it's Mary Martin and she's clowning through a ballet routine during a dance rehearsal for "The Great Victor Herbert," her first full length feature film.

a slip on her. Kalloch went to great lengths to design an elaborate honeymoon wardrobe for Barbara. Typical of the Stanwyck simplicity, she ended up by wearing some of her old stuff. Fittings with Barbara are constantly interrupted while she listens to some favorite radio program.

Anyone but Kalloch would have collapsed designing clothes for Luli Deste. The European star arrived with such little ideas as gloves made out of wood. Earrings out of straw. Kalloch knocked himself out creating for her an ermine-lined cape. But Deste insisted on *rabbit fur*! The cape was remade. Deste wanted *beige rabbit*. Production was already delayed. It all ended up merrily with the cape being sent to the make-up department every morning—where it was treated to a nice bath of beige grease paint.

Jean Arthur avoids the fitting room because fashions actually bore her. There's very little chatter when she does go through the ordeal. Accessories get in her way, so Jean won't use them. Most stars demand everything new. Jean liked the corded toweling robe Hepburn wore in "Holiday." It was right for a sequence in "Only Angels Have Wings." So Jean asked for it. Any other star would have insisted on having it copied.

Like Lily Pons, Jean Parker likes gowns that expose her midriff. When Kalloch does clothes for the little Parker he throws discretion to the wind. Jean is

happy with such things as turtle neck sweaters with spangles. Or a bathing suit that is definitely peasant. Jean always insists on something for her head that "isn't quite a hat"—Kalloch has tried everything, including a palm leaf fan. For Jean's personal wardrobe, he designed a tennis visor with birds. Jean wore it to a barbecue!

Madeleine Carroll refuses to wear anything but genuine jewelry. So they rent the real stuff and hire two men to guard it. Irene Dunne isn't a bit hard to please as long as they make everything blue! Once Katherine Hepburn surprised everyone by announcing she was going to dress for a party being given at the end of the picture. Hepburn's idea of "getting all dressed up," consisted of getting her pants pressed for the occasion. For stars who have an "imported" complex, Kalloch has a collection of foreign labels. Even if it comes from the May Company basement, the star is made happy with an "imported" bungalow apron.

Eddie Stevenson at RKO can handle almost any situation—except Mothers who think their starlets are still innocent babes in arms. Eddie is a firm believer in allowing the star to express her own individuality. When Helen Broderick turns her hats around backwards, Eddie just sits there and beams. Eddie still wonders about Frances Farmer. Throughout all her fittings she just sat there and stared. ZaSu Pitts has a phobia about wearing

any kind of jewelry. She won't even wear her own wedding ring and ZaSu has been happily married for years. Kay Francis was a bit confused when she came in for fittings. Originally Kay okayed patterns and materials while wearing smoked glasses. She was *that* amazed when she saw them with her naked eye. Five hundred beggar costumes had to be aged with acid, then sent to the 'cleaners, for "Hunchback of Notre Dame." In Hollywood, movie beggars oftentimes smell much better than the picture they work in.

Being a woman, Edith Head has the advantage over male designers. She can beat the stars on their own ground and honestly show them their bad "points." Edith started at Paramount fifteen years ago, as assistant to Travis Banton. She has dressed everyone from Kate Smith to Shirley Temple. One of Edith's pet aversions is movie mamas who want to give their twelve-year-old moppets sex appeal! She specializes in little jobs like designing a hat for Barbara Stanwyck that a cow would enjoy eating. Edith finally won out over the cow by making the hat of corn husks!

Edith has to lock the door when Carole Lombard comes in for a fitting. Carole is so popular everyone finds some excuse to drop in to say hello. In the meantime everyone has a fit—waiting. With Carole it's all completely free and very gay. When Gladys George comes in for a fitting, she can't tell about the clothes until she acts in 'em. While Edith waits patiently, Gladys moans and groans and swoons on the fitting room floor—to see if it "feels right."

Claudette Colbert is allergic to metal cloths. Martha Raye is allergic to dog hair. Imagine Edith's embarrassment when an expensive "Sable" coat rented for Martha sent the comedienne home for the day. When she draped those famous Mae West curves, Edith had to be careful never to whistle or sing in the dressing room and *never* give Mae pearls. When Dietrich came in for fittings she practically lived there for days. To date, Edith has designed every kind of a sarong for Dorothy Lamour—but ermine. Her latest is "cloth of gold."

"Lucky" Natalie Visart they call her. She is the only woman designer in Hollywood who works *exclusively* on men. It's Natalie's job to costume those terrific torsos for C. B. De Mille. And she actually gets *paid* for being in the fitting room with Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, Freddie March, Robert Preston, Ray Milland, and the rest.

Some of the secrets of Hollywood fitting rooms are too intimate to tell. You'd be that surprised to know *who* is padded *where*. Only the designers know. They have trouble enough without revealing the little secrets of their trade. There is one untold story on the casting of "Gone With The Wind." The search was on for "Belle Watling." Never had a producer seen so many flat-chested girls in his life. In desperation they sent for a box of sponges. Each new girl was paraded back and forth dressed in the "Belle Watling" costume. The sponges helped to "round" her out to fit the part. Fortunately for all parties concerned, Ona Munson came along in the nick of time. The sponges were returned to the prop room!

It's in the Stars for Paulette

[Continued from page 27]

assurance? I'd really like to know."

"I have a very wise mother," said Paulette. "I have her to thank for that. When I was a child my mother had to travel constantly and I had to go to a new school sometimes twice a month. In one school I would be the head of my class, but just as I was enjoying that delightful distinction we would move and I would enter a new school where, most likely, I was the dumbest kid in the class. I seemed to be always fighting for position. My mother realized how I dreaded these new schools, meeting new children and new teachers, and never knowing whether I'd be at the top of the class or at the bottom, so every time we moved and there was a strange school to face she would make me a beautiful new dress to wear my first day. Nothing gives a girl, even though she's little more than a baby, more self-confidence than a pretty new dress. And as I left for school every day Mother would say, 'You may not be the brightest, darling, but you're the prettiest.'"

"My mother also taught me as a child not to worry. 'Nothing is permanent,' she would say, 'so you might as well approach everything with cheeriness.'"

Paulette is a very cheery person. She loves laughter and gayety. She loves fun. And this is probably the real reason that Charlie Chaplin fell for Paulette like the proverbial ton of bricks. Before Paulette arrived in Hollywood, in a \$16,000 Duesenberg, the twice divorced and thrice shy Charlie roamed around Hollywood like a lonely lost soul, with a face that long. But Paulette has changed all that. She has taught Charlie, the clown, how to laugh. Intimate friends call her "Sunny Jim." She likes it.

"When I feel a melancholy mood coming on," said Paulette, "I simply lock myself in my room, and stay there until it's over. I would never think of inflicting myself on other people when I am unhappy." Instead of telling you her troubles—which is a favorite indoor sport with the poor little put-upon movie stars in Hollywood—Paulette only tells you of her joys. She never asks for sympathy. It's indeed a pleasure to bump into Miss Goddard.

"But you can't always laugh," I said, "You do get mad sometimes, don't you?"

"But good, *deah*," said Paulette. "I have a very quick temper. Tears come to my eyes. And then, quick as a flash, it's all over. When I see publicity on myself that's rather revolting I hit the ceiling. I grab the telephone to call my lawyer and scream at the top of my voice that I will sue. But a few minutes later, even before my lawyer answers the phone, I begin to laugh at myself. Anyway, there's not much you can do about bad publicity but laugh it off, is there?"

I assured her that there wasn't. I was never one to encourage suits.

Paulette admits that she was awfully mad, at first, because she didn't get Scarlett, and well she should have been—especially when a fake announcement came out of the studio, or some place,

that she had definitely been picked for the part. She was flooded with congratulations, wires, etc., and then in the midst of all the excitement it was announced that it wasn't true. "It made a prize dope out of me," she said. She doesn't admit it, but it is well known about Hollywood, that she eased herself right out of the part. There she was, after months of testing, practically signed, sealed and delivered—as a matter of fact everything was set for the Goddard agents to confer with the Selznick agents about the contract—when Paulette gave a party. Paulette likes to give parties for "visiting English celebrities" (*Charlie's English, you know*) but this turned out to be a party which I bet she wishes she had never given. Among the "visiting English celebrities" that were feted that afternoon was one Vivien Leigh. When David Selznick got a gander at the Leigh girl over the teacups he demanded that she be tested immediately—and immediately she was signed for the part of Scarlett. Paulette, good sport that she is, bore it with fortitude. She might have said, "The English be damned" in private. It is to her credit that she said nothing in public.

It was like rubbing salt in the wound when several days later a big box was deposited on the Chaplin doorstep. When Paulette tore through the wrappings out jumped a girl all done up in hoop skirts as Scarlett O'Hara. But it wasn't one of those cruel Hollywood gags. The girl, one of the million candidates for Scarlett, not knowing that Vivien Leigh had been signed, had thought of this tantalizing way of getting herself presented to Producer David Selznick. The Selznicks live next door to the Chaplins. Someone made a slight mistake. Paulette, mad as hell at the time, fairly laughs herself sick about it now. "If I could have seen my face," she said, "when Scarlett popped out."

Paulette has one of Hollywood's perfect figures, but I don't have to tell you that. You've got eyes. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. She has smiling blue eyes, dark hair with reddish tints in it, and a fresh, clear, always perfectly sun-tanned skin. Like Norma Shearer she always looks as if she had just scrubbed her face with soap and water. Her beauty treatments consist largely of getting lots of exercise. If she decides to learn something she goes at it with vim and vigor and usually masters it twice as fast as anyone else. She plays a good game of tennis, fences well, dances beautifully, and plays golf in the low 90's (*Last year she won the women's state tournament on the difficult Pebble Beach course at Del Monte, California.*) She thinks up things to do around lunch time so she won't eat lunch. But at dinner she claims she eats "like a condemned woman."

There are those in Hollywood who say that Miss Goddard is as hard as nails. But her diction teacher says that she is one of the most emotionally sensitive pupils he has ever had. She will be reading Browning and suddenly she will burst

into a flood of tears. Music can do that to her, too. And sunsets. She makes no particular claim to being an intellectual, but she is really one of the best informed of the Hollywood stars.

Paulette is definitely not one to talk about her past. There isn't so much as a routine studio biography of her in existence. (*Even Garbo has a studio biography.*) She likes to be known as the "girl whom nobody knows." But, unfortunately, for her mystery pose there are those "who knew her when"—and those who knew her when don't mind talking. According to them Paulette's family settled down in Great Neck, Long Island, when Paulette was fourteen, a knockout for looks, and a talented dancer. When somebody from Hattie Carnegie's place offered her fifty dollars a week to model, she accepted the job and for a few months was the most languid of Hattie's languid models. Somebody there gave her a card to the great Ziegfeld, which she presented in the due course of time. He gave her seventy-five a week and she sat



Cesar Romero accompanied Joan Crawford to "Hollywood Cavalcade."

on the stage and looked beautiful while some tenor or other sang to her.

But the big excitement of the Ziegfeld show was that it went to Florida and there Paulette met a whole raft of millionaires and married an Edgar James—whom soon afterwards she divorced.

With a hundred thousand dollar settlement, a Duesenberg, and some snappy clothes she arrived in Hollywood, put up at the Beverly Hills Hotel, became a platinum blonde, and got a job as one of the chorus in Sam Goldwyn's "The Kid from Spain." The best "catch" in Hollywood at the time was Charles Spencer Chaplin. She caught him. About her personal affairs, or her association with Charlie she refuses to say a word. But invariably in the course of a conversation with her she will casually say, "That was just before I married Charlie."

Her great ambition (*she claims she has no ambition, that she only wants to live a full life*) is to become an actress, not just an actress, but a good actress. And a lot of hard work, and a lot of disappointments aren't going to frighten her away from her goal. As she said when she lost out on Scarlett, "Of course I'm disappointed. But why be sore about it? I want to be an actress—and I'm going to be a good one."

A thousand or more fans, plus Blanca Holmes, astrologer de luxe, plus yours truly, astrologer de trop, are forecasting that it won't be long now.

The Inside Info on Jiminy Cricket

[Continued from page 43]

were putting on a ventriloquial act. Incidentally, ventriloquism is another facet to this most remarkable creature. Snug in his little chink on the hearth, one searches diligently for the creature on the other side of the room. It has been recorded that the sound of the cricket can be heard at a distance of 400 yards—almost a quarter of a mile! That's a lot of distance for so small a creature.

Although the animators working on Jiminy claim he was more fun to work on than any of the other characters in "Pinocchio," they paid for their fun in difficulties arising because of Jiminy's small size. In relation to most of the characters, Jiminy is about the size of your thumb-nail. In some of the scenes he is shown sitting on the toe of Pinocchio's shoe; lecturing to Pinocchio in the best oratorical manner from the petal of a Jack-in-the-pulpit; balancing on the rim

of a silk-topper; teetering on a whale's eyelash.

Jiminy's diminutive size presented great problems in the matter of his wardrobe. In the opening of the picture, he appears as a vagabond and his clothes are drab and dusty, his top hat battered, his spats frayed, but with it all he retains a certain air of elegance.

When the Blue Fairy elevates him to the exalted position of Sir Jiminy Cricket she gives him regal raiment. Jiminy is particularly proud of his red umbrella. This red umbrella also served another purpose. Jiminy is so tiny that he couldn't very well be seen to advantage in a number of scenes unless he had some color on him somewhere. With his brilliant red umbrella, therefore, he crawls out of pipe bowls, slides down violin strings, hops onto flower petals and is visible at once.

As to a name for the character, sug-

gestions were made from Cedric to Marmaduke, but Walt said, "Why not name him Jiminy? Everyone knows that expression 'Jiminy Cricket.'"

In connection with the name Jiminy, it has an interesting source. The word was originally "Gemini," and was part of an oath taken in the Roman-Justinian courts long before the starting of the custom of swearing on the Bible. The words, "By Gemini" were accompanied by a raised arm. This meant that the person taking the oath resolved to speak the truth—and nothing but the truth.

Down through the centuries, the original oath has descended to a mild form of ejaculation; by word of mouth it has changed from Gemini to Jiminy.

Since Jiminy's role is that of a conscience, the name fits him especially well.

With "Pinocchio" completed Jiminy has been nagging his boss to purchase Dickens' "The Cricket on the Hearth" as a starring vehicle for him. So far, Disney refuses to commit himself as to his future plans for Jiminy. And Jiminy declares it "ain't cricket!"

Still Laughing at Love

[Continued from page 37]

my brother must join us at once, but it took several phone arguments to convince him he should put his business in order and sail for America. We also sent for a maid who has been with us many years, so we feel our immediate family is safe in Hollywood. But it is all very sad, very terrible, for we have relatives and many interests in Norway, and we shall miss our summer vacations in the old home."

Watching her I wondered how Sonja had ever escaped a serious romance. She's made for love—so warmly feminine, so merry and altogether lovely. Yet through all her triumphs she remains heart whole. In the beginning, during those strenuous years when she was winning championships, she had the satisfying comradeship of her devoted father, her mother, and her brother, Lief, and this shut out the demand for other love. Then came Hollywood, with its exciting barrage of rumors every time she stepped out to dine and dance with a young man. This was disturbing at first, but she soon learned to shrug her shoulders and accept it as a part of the Hollywood life. Her friendship with Tyrone Power, which crashed the front pages as a "hot" romance, and spotlighted them both, turned out to be a very grand friendship and nothing more. There have been other rumors of this and that heart interest, and recently some special emphasis on the handsome agent, Vic Orsatti, so I asked, "What about romance—love?"

Sonja greeted the suggestion gaily, saying, "I still have no time for romance, and you'll agree that it takes time to manage a love affair. I flit from here to there, and divide my year into four parts: three months for a picture, three months for a skating tour, three months for another picture, then, three months for a vacation. Now, how could a romance flourish on such an erratic schedule?"

As for the Orsatti rumors, they were

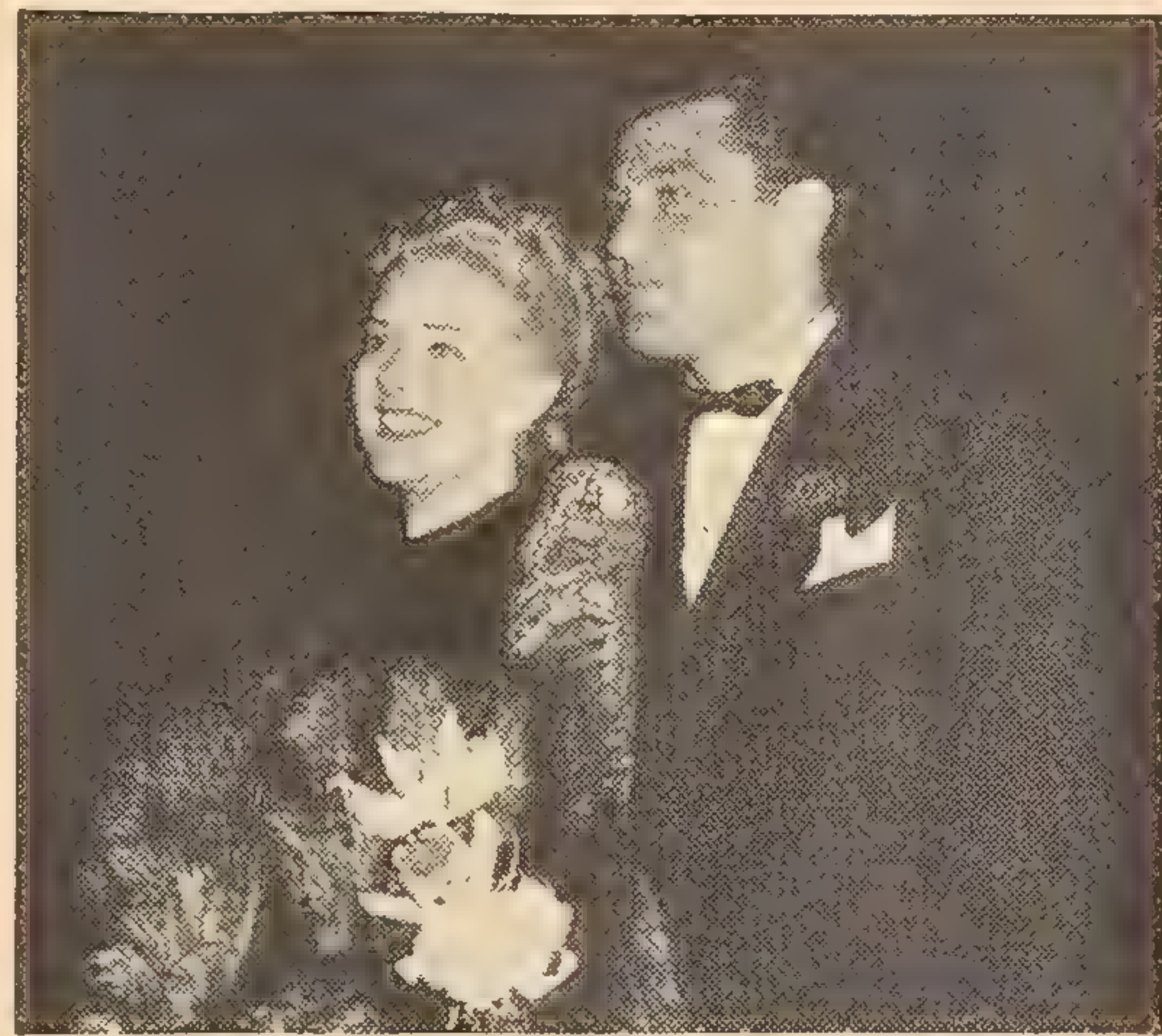
laughed away, too. They had made a pretty story, but they, too, turned out to be only rumors.

Vic is her agent. During the times they dined and danced before she went abroad, the chief topic of the conversation was her business affairs. It just happened that he booked passage on the Normandie for his vacation in Paris, on which ship Sonja and her mother were sailing for Norway. As he entered into the ship's gaieties, and she spent the time resting, they saw each other just once. They dined together the last night. A few weeks later, Orsatti phoned her from Paris regarding contract matters and Sonja suggested that he fly to Oslo for the week-end, and they could talk them over. During the three days she spent in Paris on her return trip, she didn't even see him. So, out of such flimsy stuff are rumors made.

Since her return, she's gone dancing with various young blades—"Golden Boy" Bill Holden, whom she met through mutual friends in New York, Jimmy Stewart, a favorite of all the girls, Cesar Romero, who holds the prize as the best dancing escort in Hollywood, Alan Curtis and others.

Said Sonja, "Someday, if and when I fall in love, I shall marry. Then, I'll give up everything except the making of two pictures a year. I'm old-fashioned when it comes to marriage; I want it to be successful, and it must include a real home and children. Maybe I'll fall in love with an actor, and maybe I won't, but that doesn't make the least difference, just so there is mutual understanding, a very deep love, and congeniality."

She went on, confidentially, "I've been too busy, too occupied with my career to feel the demand for romance. But I know that love and marriage are needed to make a woman's life complete, and naturally I want to experience all Life has to offer. I'm in no hurry, though.



Alice Faye and Tony Martin have blasted all separation rumors.

For the first time in her life, Sonja admits she is vague as to her plans. When I asked her what came next, she hesitated, then said that probably, when she finishes the skating sequences for "Everything Happens at Night," she will go on a short exhibition tour, returning to make another picture after the holidays. *And here is real news:* this may be her last tour—her mother is growing tired of them, and Sonja, herself, will welcome the added leisure this will give her.

Sonja's mother is Irish. That's where she gets her golden hair, and the warm brown eyes that can flash fire or twinkle with merriment, with equal ease. But it was from her Norwegian father that she drew her enormous energy and determination, for Sonja never stopped until she was ten-times world figure-skating champion, three-times Olympic champion, and the rhythm of her silver skates had echoed throughout Europe and America. Then, there being no more honors to win as a skater, she suddenly announced, "I'm going to Hollywood!" With her marked flair for showmanship, she made a spectacular entrance into the new world, and because of her brilliant talents, her good looks and sparkling personality, she quickly became the belle of the box-office.

Every step has been carefully planned, every detail mapped out to insure success, for she was never satisfied short of perfection. Once, she was asked how it felt to be defeated, and she answered honestly, "I've never been defeated!"

So, today, she admits it is an odd feeling not to have her dreams diagnosed and all framed around with workable plans. For three years she's been building up the idea of taking her company of 80 experts to Europe in the spring, for a series of skating exhibitions that would be surrounded by all the glamour and picturesque trappings of Hollywood.

"Over there," she explained, "they've never seen anything like that, and how they would love it. Naturally, we can do nothing like that now until peace comes to Europe."

Sonja's interests never flag, and plans or no plans, she fills every hour to the brim. She's leased the beautiful hill-top

home, with its magnificent swimming pool, that Jean Harlow built in Bel Air, and intends to enjoy some leisurely living. Now with her brother, Lief, here—and he's a handsome fellow—there will probably be more social gaiety.

"I've been so busy," said Sonja, "and refused so many invitations that my friends never expect me to accept, and there have been evenings when I wanted to dress up and go places, but didn't have the chance. One just can't pick up the phone and ask to be invited. I'm turning over a new leaf, perhaps I'll become a social butterfly, perhaps there will be a romance that will give you a story. Not being bound around with plans, there's no telling where I'll burst out. Freedom can lead you into exciting paths!"

As I left her, Sonja's gay, contagious laughter followed me and kept me smiling. That, in itself, is a word picture of Sonja Henie!

Try Anything Once!

[Continued from page 39]

asked Jimmy if he could do any acrobatic tricks. Once more he pulled the supreme bluff and said he could. All the "acrobatic" Jimmy had done was stooping behind home plate as catcher on a baseball team. But he got busy, learned a few flips, fooled everyone, and only had a few aches and pains for his efforts. It might be appropriate to add here that he was never much of an acrobat. His muscles seemed to get in the way. Consequently, a simple split was something—and about the only thing—that stumped Mr. Cagney.

Jimmy's next try was once more in the dancing field, but in a much more elevated atmosphere. A big musical was being staged in New York, and a call had gone out for boys with complete dancing experience. So he quit the job in an office that he had taken when the vaudeville act closed and applied for the dancing job. He got it.

The amusing part of this story is that he was in competition with very well trained dancers. But Jimmy was not to be thrown for a loss. He lied, or rather "inveigled" his way into the show, went on practicing steps, and was soon standing up with the best of them. He had fooled everyone just enough by this time to be given a specialty dance with the ingenue lead. The number was a waltz-adagio. And he had done all this without ever having taken a single dancing lesson. He had done it all on his supreme trick of saying: "Sure I can do it!"

By this time all ideas of becoming a doctor—yes, he even thought of trying this field once—had gone into the discard. No matter what came his way now, and no matter what demands were placed upon him, the mere qualification of experience did not bother him in the least. Consequently, it was only natural that he would try real acting for a while.

"One day, after I had returned from a road tour, I heard of a company which needed good dramatic actors," Jimmy continued. "So off I went and applied for the opening. The woman who was casting asked me—as I knew she would—if I could act. Naturally, I told her I could.

She looked me up and down and hired me. I mugged through that act somehow without any catastrophes.

"Finally, I even had to claim to be a singer. How I ever got by with that is beyond me, for I couldn't carry a tune if it had handles on it. I might add that my ability as a singer was never featured, and that I found myself doing inconsequential patter acts—you know, typical song and dance routines.

"Some people, I know, thought I was crazy. They were sure I'd be found out some day and that would end my blossoming career. But I figured I had nothing to lose. I wasn't working, and I was finding out just what I should do about a future. Besides, I don't believe in letting anything throw you, no matter how impossible it may seem at the time."

After five years of appearances on and off the vaudeville circuits, Jimmy had developed some proficiency as a song and dance man. He was continually trying to improve himself, but he still never thought it necessary to take a single lesson. However, he realized he could not hope to make much money in vaudeville. There were too many better song and dance men. So he cast his eyes toward the dramatic stage.

One summer, he was in New York without a job. "Desire Under the Elms," Eugene O'Neill's epic story of New England, was playing to packed houses. Several of the members of the cast were leaving for vacations and were being replaced by unknowns.

A friend of Jimmy's, Victor Kilian, who is now a Hollywood character actor, told him he thought he could place him in the juvenile lead in the show. So, without waiting for any more information, Jimmy went to the producer to read for him.

Now, in case you aren't familiar with "Desire Under the Elms," it's a dramatic tragedy that places every possible demand on the most seasoned actors. It would be almost unthinkable for an inexperienced person to read for even a small bit in it. But Jimmy, with his song and dance



Rosemary Lane is hardly suffering from Housemaid's Knee in this gay shot on the "Four Wives" set. She's tired out from rehearsing.

patter, his very few sketches in vaudeville behind him, went for the reading with every confidence.

The producer looked at him and said, "Well, you're hardly the type for this play, but I may have a part for you in my new show opening next fall. It's called 'Outside Looking In.' It's based on Jim Tully's life. You'll be very good, I think, as Tully."

Next fall, without a single bit on the legitimate stage to his credit, Jimmy read the leading role in the play and was given the assignment. The notices he got from the critics were all favorable.

With success almost assured, Jimmy suddenly decided to return to vaudeville after the play closed. And here he made his one big mistake. This venture cost him about a year's setback in his career. But he had to work, and he didn't see any point of waiting around for a break. He'd always made his own breaks.

One day, Jimmy got a letter offering him the job of staging and producing all the dance numbers for "Grand Street Follies," a musical revue for the intelligent-sia. Jimmy took the job, disregarding completely the fact that he had never even lined up a chorus, let alone stage a whole revue. But instead of backing down, as many would, he jumped in and then wondered if he could swim.

"I not only staged dances," Jimmy told me, "but I did some tricky specialties myself. I can't say that I was always at ease in this job, but somehow I pulled through. I have always been convinced that I must have been born under a lucky star."

And so his career, built on a strange philosophy of refusing to admit anything so remote as failure, went on to greater heights. With his success on the stage in "Penny Arcade," Jimmy found himself on his way to Hollywood. Once more to try something strange and alien. But behind him was his idea: "I'd have been a failure if I'd never tried anything, so nothing can throw me now."

"When I came to Hollywood," Jimmy said, "I wasn't in the least worried, largely because I didn't care whether I stayed or not. And I didn't try to philosophize on motion picture technic. To me, acting in pictures was the same as on the stage, except that it was, perhaps, more limited. I just took my script, forgot about cameras and other such matters, and tried to give the most honest performances I could."

"One important thing did happen to me in Hollywood, though. I had never really believed I was doing a job as well as it might have been done until I came into pictures. Then, for the first time after all the years of floundering around, I felt I knew my job—acting—well. All the chances I had taken were behind me. Hard work was the only answer to success now. Hard work of a much more exacting kind."

In "The Oklahoma Kid," however, Jimmy did his first western. And in it he had to do some fancy trick riding. So, once more, he called on his aged gag and said: "Sure I can ride—and good." (*Of course, he couldn't.*) He began to learn trick riding, he refused doubles for the dangerous parts of the film, and eventually turned out to be an acceptable—if not an astounding—horseman. The director wanted him to let someone else do the difficult riding, but Jimmy refused

He would not be stumped for the first time in his life. He had a record to preserve.

"What's this I hear about your having been a ballet dancer," I asked Jimmy, abruptly swerving the conversation from Hollywood to dancing again.

"Oh, that. Well, in New York several years ago, the Capitol Theatre had been featuring ballet on its bill every week. It was decided to augment the show, so calls were sent out for ballet dancers. I was out of work again. So I applied."

"Now the only thing I had ever done that even closely resembled ballet were a few gag kicks in my own privacy. When I was given the job, I was just a little worried, for I was afraid I had bitten off more than I could chew this time. However, it all turned out very well. I didn't have to do a single ballet step. My job was in the chorus doing a simple tap routine based on Irish jig steps. I don't know whether the ballet master ever found me out or not, but we became very good friends."

Oh yes, I'm almost forgetting Jimmy's proficiency as a musician.

In his earlier and more tender years, one might have seen a red-headed youngster sitting belligerently at a piano and pecking away at the keys. A tip of the tongue sticking out here, a frown caressing a furrowed brow, and awkward fingers getting all mixed up in the mess of white and black. And, to complete the picture, there was his mother standing beside him, beaming with each off-key note Jimmy struck.

His piano playing stopped after a year or two, but recently he bought a piano. He had never been able to forget that he had stopped before he had mastered it.

"I play the piano to amuse myself," said Jimmy indifferently, "and just badly enough to annoy my friends. But, after all, it doesn't hurt to know something about it. The time may come when I might have to apply for a job as a pianist in an orchestra."

"Of course, my pride and joy is my

guitar. I've been playing it for twelve years. I'm still trying. Oh yes, I amuse myself. But as much as I don't like to admit it, I'm still not very proficient."

A violin also rests in Jimmy's musical congregation. He had tried that, too. But to an outsider, the horrible wailings that he manages to squeeze out with each slide of the bow hardly testify to his success. With only moderate success as a pianist, violinist, and guitarist, he is now taking vocal lessons. Man of all trades—or tricks—Cagney!

Then, too, there is the Cagney of the carpenter and stone-masonry trades. Why, he even built a log cabin for a friend. (*Author's note: It's still standing.*) And at his farm in Martha's Vineyard he is always puttering around with stone work.

Between pictures he spends considerable time working long and hard in his position—and a responsible one it is—as vice-president of the Screen Actors Guild.

Jimmy had finished his lunch and was just about to leave, so I thought I'd ask what he'd gained by his impetuous daring.

"What have I gained?" Jimmy reiterated as he eyed the remaining tid-bits of his dessert. "A lot. First of all, taking the chances I have has kept me fed, and that was quite an item in the old days. Besides, it's made me see the necessity of forcing myself to take advantage of any opportunity offered, regardless of its apparent difficulties. The very fact that I'm an actor today is due to my determination to eat and my insistence at not recognizing any pattern that life may have mapped out for me at first."

"I don't feel that my success is so unusual. Any person can have the same amount of success if he doesn't sit back and wait for things to happen to him. If he claims experience where he has none, it puts him on his mettle. Things will happen to him a lot faster. And I've found out that breaks of the game seldom come to those who don't make them themselves."

"Besides, I never took any chances. My bosses did."

Mother Confides About Jane

[Continued from page 45]

she can invite a girl-friend to stay over with us.

"She played some pretty tough tikes for awhile. But I wouldn't allow her to turn into a sophisticated brat. She's been accustomed to manners and she doesn't know there is any alternative. Only once have I suffered from a picture—after 'Ginger,' which was made several years ago, it took me two weeks to cure her of the slang she used for that character."

"During 1939 she's changed from a child into an adolescent. She doesn't wear bangs anymore. She used to dislike hairdressers, and now she wants a new 'coiffure' every day." When George Ernest said, frankly, that he didn't care for one of her hair styles she promptly abandoned it. "Her tomboy days are through," Ruth Withers continued. "It's almost a shock to see how feminine she has gone. She used to see no sense to fittings, but now she stands patiently and offers her own ideas on line and color." One of Jane's

non-professional friends, Jeanie Howlett, is a year older and taller. Jeanie's skirts are three inches longer, Jane has pointed out to 20th Century-Fox executives. In fact, she spent an hour pleading for "more fashionable" screen attire. There is some recompense in that Mrs. Withers has okayed a long party dress, some stunning hostess robes, and frilly nightgowns instead of plain pajamas—for personal wear."

Jane's slimming accentuates her graduation from kiddishness. In three months she has gained five inches in height and lost twelve pounds. Now five feet two, weighing an even hundred pounds, with a twenty-three rather than a thirty-one inch waistline, she can argue diet with the best of them. She is anxious to become five feet six, claiming a girl that height looks best in her clothes. She no longer eats nine rolls in a row.

She remains a collector, but of an entirely different range of "valuables." She



George Murphy telling Fred Astaire a new story during the making of "Broadway Melody of 1940."

has switched from knives to perfumes, which she is officially forbidden to use yet. Her bottle of "Shocking," when last seen, was half empty and Ruth Withers admits, unofficially, that there have been some evenings when Jane has gone to bed reeking with perfume. Her dolls are now mementoes of childhood. Her zoo has been gradually disbanded. She had so many pets she had to get a license for keeping them all. Her deer, Dot and Dash, became too big and rambunctious. Cactus, her donkey, twice strolled into the house and did considerable damage when the phone rang and frightened him, on both occasions. But then he jumped the fence, meandered over to Westwood Village, and kicked a vegetable stand over when the owner objected to his appetite for apples. They called Jane to come and get him! Her rooster, dubbed Leopold Stokowski, bit too many people. Lady Bess, her pure heifer, mooed too loudly for the neighbors; but Henry Wilcoxon, her good friend, is seeing to it that Bess is not becoming beef.

"She's decided," said Ruth Withers, pouring tea for me, "that archery is more fun than knife-throwing, that ballroom dancing is preferable to tree-climbing. Blood-and-thunder games are passé around here. If Jane doesn't want to dance or entertain at the pool, she's busily embroidering or knitting."

They've done over her bedroom to suit her. It had been a nautical red, white, and blue. Today it's a delicate French pink-and-blue, with mirrored, ruffled tables in place of knick-knack cabinets.

"If acting weren't making her happy I wouldn't want her to be working at it," Jane's mother went on saying to me. "If there were anything about Hollywood which could hurt her, I'd take her away. But I haven't been disillusioned about Hollywood. We like it here. We've retained all of our old friends, and made so many new ones.

"Of course I don't want her to be superficially sophisticated. I expect to prevent such a fate by holding onto our family atmosphere, our own aversion to 'hard' traits. Parents can set a potent example. I don't behave in a way I'd disapprove of for her, nor does her father.

"What I'm endeavoring to do, you see, is raise her to be a success as a person. That means being a success in her work, and much more. I want to give her all the normal pleasures. I'm not making her take piano lessons; she's studied both French and Spanish for several years, though, because she enjoys languages. I want her to be sweet, all the things a man admires in a girl. I want her to have real character, to be capable and self-reliant. To be discriminating.

"Jane is so sociable I think she'll want to go to college. She hopes to attend the University of California at Los Angeles, right over there across the ravine from us.

"I think she'll go on being a career woman even if she does go to college. I think she'll likely fall in love with a man sympathetic to her work. She's just becoming boy-conscious now. I notice how she diplomatically allows the boy to be the leader! But I doubt if I'll let her have dates, regular ones, until she's sixteen. I don't believe the man who marries her will suffer from her career. Mr. With-



Bandleaders Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman finally patched up their long standing feud when Benny opened at the Waldorf-Astoria. Artie, featured in "Dancing Co-Ed," is Betty Grable's big moment and they may wed.

ers and I have discovered many happily married couples here. I feel I'll always be close to Jane, so far as her career goes, because I've helped her build it. But I won't interfere with her marrying.

"I'm training her to be a good wife by teaching her to respect personal responsibilities. She's often gone to market with our cook; she can buy groceries economically and get quality. She can sew. She is used to doing for herself. I've never let her think she just has to ask for something to receive it. When she wanted a horse for her birthday we deliberately waited a few days after that birthday to buy it for her.

"She is blessed with a talent and she has persisted in obtaining the opportunity to follow her bent. But she is no better than anyone else. She's a human being, first of all, and every one of us has an obligation to be kind. I started training Jane in kindness when she was four. Once a month, back in Atlanta, I'd let her go to supper at an orphanage. I 'allowed' her to stay there all night afterwards. It was a treat for her, yet at the same time she was learning how other children lived and acquiring a democratic, generous outlook.

"When she wanted those pets here—and at one time we had chickens, dogs, cats, ducks, pigeons, a lamb, a pheasant, baby alligators, and a monkey and Texas red squirrels, besides the deer, donkey, and cow I told you about—I appointed her chief caretaker of them."

Flowers appeal to her because she has had the privilege of tending her own

flower bed. She planted it outside the kitchen window, figuring that the best site, for then she could chat with the cook while weeding and watering. Their cook, incidentally, is a Georgia import, having been Jane's mammy during babyhood.

Jane isn't washing and ironing doll clothes any more, but she is still attending to her own room when she isn't on studio call, making her bed and straightening and dusting.

"I think a child should be raised to know that money isn't to be squandered. Jane receives an allowance of six dollars a week, and we go to the bank where she makes out her own deposit slips to save most of that for her Christmas presents. I let her pick out all her gifts.

"Jane's religious training has not been neglected. She's won the cup at the First Presbyterian Church in Hollywood for bringing in the most new members to the Sunday School. She's sung in the choir every Sunday, with nineteen girls who have no connection with the movies. I let her confer with the pastor and they selected an orphan to be cared for by church benefits she could sponsor, and by direct aid from us. Jane enthusiastically passes on her clothes to this protégé and plans on how to advise her.

"Next spring we're going to bring Jane's cousin out from Atlanta, my brother's daughter who is the same age as Jane, and who's talented in singing and dancing. I don't see why she shouldn't have her chance, too. We can start her in as Jane's stand-in. It is quite possible we may adopt her. Certainly if she wants to have a career in pictures we shall do all we can to help her!"

Such willingness to share is so rare in Hollywood that I particularly point out Mrs. Withers' attitude. But then, that's why she is the most popular movie mother in town, as anyone who knows the "inside" gossip will assure you. She doesn't coach Jane in her lines, either; she discreetly leaves all that up to Jane and her director, and always has.

"I had my bad hours when I was discouraged about Jane's getting her chance to show what she could do," she frankly admits, "but how glad I am I didn't give in to the blues! Mr. Withers and I were apart for awhile, but my own happiness has been guaranteed by my dream coming true.

"Right now I'm trying to temper Jane's strong likes and dislikes and it's rather a task. I don't want to stop her from having a mind of her own. A successful person won't be swayed by every opinion, and must choose definitely as well as correctly.

"But if anything should happen to me I believe Jane, as she is, could carry on wisely for herself! She can be relied upon to make decisions of her own. And she knows, from hard experience, what makes the wheels go 'round out here."

What Mrs. Withers didn't tell me about was how she hired Jane's present stand-in. Kay Connor, of Vancouver, didn't know what a stand-in was when she knocked on the Withers' door. Kay was simply an ardent fan, as her collection of eleven hundred pictures of Jane testifies. She was so sincere, her violin scholarship indicated such ambition, that before she left she had not only an autograph but a job and Jane's friendship!

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity ball—the Society Follies.



Miss Bette Miller helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.



Delaware Society Favorite—Kansas City Secretary

—but BOTH follow the same famous Skin Care

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:

Southern women are famous for their complexions, Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

ANSWER:

"Yes. I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. Pond's Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal!"

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:

Do you feel that using 2 creams helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

ANSWER:

"I'm sure it does! That's why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that takes make-up so well it looks fresh for literally hours!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:

When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

ANSWER:

"Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, 'glowy' look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:

When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

ANSWER:

"No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection."

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A Southerner, titian-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.



Mrs. du Pont arrives by private plane at the airport near her New Castle home, looking fresh and unwearied after a quick shopping trip to New York.

Off to work. After graduation from high school, Bette got a secretarial job in the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad freight office.



Bette and her companion share the local enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in Kansas City that traffic regulations became necessary!

Lana Turner's Advice to All High School Girls

[Continued from page 23]

now, which is what I'd planned to do. I never thought of going into pictures, you know.

"I guess you know, too, how I ate my lunch in the cafe that day and a Hollywood trade paper reporter 'spotted' me and arranged for me to make a screen test. And just then Mr. Mervyn LeRoy announced that he wanted a sixteen year old girl for the part of Mary Clay in *They Won't Forget*. He tested me, after he'd tested twenty-five other girls, too, and I was signed. And now I have a contract here at M-G-M . . . so maybe kids will say, 'huh, *she* should talk!' But whether I should talk or not, you asked me, Miss Hall, whether High School kids ever write to me and ask me questions. They do. So I'll just try to remember some of the questions they ask most repeatedly and then I'll say what I honestly believe.

"I'll get up steam first by talking about the 'Little Things.' For instance, lots of girls write and ask me what I think about High School girls using make-up . . . do I think they should or do I think they shouldn't? Well, my answer is: Have your make-up as simple as possible or you'll look as simple as possible! I used to use a lot of mascara and eye-shadow and stuff when I first went to High School. Then, one day, I happened to get a look in a mirror out in the sunlight and I didn't recognize myself! I didn't know what That was I saw reflected in the mirror. I looked like something out of this world! I realized then that I looked, not seductive as I had fondly hoped, but plain *silly*. And in horribly bad taste . . . like a Follies Beauty with all the works, in a convent.

"I never used mascara or eye-shadow again. I never have used rouge. I did use a little lipstick, bright, and that's all. And that's all I use now, off the screen. I think it's pathetic, really, for High School girls to try to look sophisticated and older than they are. Because we all have so many years ahead of us when we must look older, and then old, whether we like it or not. And we have only a few years in which we can look really young. I think girls should play up their youthfulness and freshness and dewiness and all that, for all they're worth! After all, Youth is the most appealing thing in the world, and the briefest. I know that, now that I'm out of High School, out in the—in the World!

"Girls often ask me how they should dress in order to be as attractive as possible. Well, I think that High School girls should dress as simply as possible. Whether a girl is rich and can afford imported models and fur coats or whether she is poor and can afford only sweaters and skirts, I think that she should wear—sweaters and skirts! And I don't think there's anything more attractive for a young girl to wear than white, clean blouses . . . just so long as they're *white* and *clean*. If a girl wants to wow the boys—and what girl doesn't?—she can always wear her sweaters a little shorter and a little tighter than other girls do,

her stockings a little sheerer, change her sweaters and skirts as often as possible so as to avoid looking monotonous or as though she's wearing a uniform And I *think* that girls should always look feminine. Even if a girl goes in for being the Good Sport type and wears mannish clothes and flat-heeled shoes and that sort of thing, she should tack on a frill or two somewhere along the line of march just as a reminder that she *is* a girl.

"Lots of girls write me and tell me they are not especially pretty, can't afford to wear smart clothes, and want to know what is the best way for them to be attractive to boys. I guess I get more letters asking this question than any other. Well, my advice, for what it is worth, is this: Forget the 'being attractive' thing, at first, anyway, and start out in High School life by being a Good Friend with the boys. After all, boys are shy, too, you know. You've got to remember that. And it's a very good thing to remember, too, sort of puts you at your ease. I really think that a lot of boys are more attracted to a girl who puts them at their ease, makes them feel comfortable, sort of like their mothers and sisters make them feel, than they are by girls who act like Vampires. First, and most important of all, I'd say, *laugh with the boys*. A good laugh, shared, does more to draw a boy and a girl together than almost anything I know of. Then join the Public Speaking Class, if you can, and be able to talk about and discuss the topics that are of common interest in the class.

"Also, and this is Very Important, be able to talk with boys about the things they like, football, baseball, car-racing and all that. When you go to football games, wear the school colors, give it enthusiasm . . . a girl who takes an interest in the things that interest a man is usually aces with him."

I said, interrupting, my eyes on the lovely diamond on Lana's engagement finger . . . "now, you are engaged . . . and your Mr. Greg Bautzer is an attorney . . . do you take an interest in the Law, Miss T.?"

"Well," smiled Lana, "I don't go to sleep on it . . ."

"Perhaps the *most* important thing of all, then," continued Lana, "is to be a *good dancer*. For once you get the rep of being a hot dancer, you're all set. It doesn't matter how you look or how you dress, if you can swing it, you're *in* it. If you aren't a good dancer when you enter High School take some lessons, if you can afford to. If you can't afford to, then find some boy who is a good dancer, invite him over to the house, get him in a corner and go to it!

"I think," said Lana, then, judicially, "that if you laugh with a boy, take an interest in his interests and are a good dancer, that's just about all you can do about it. Then, if he likes you and you like him, it will work out into something.

"Another way to be popular with boys is to pretend you're 'in' things, even if

you aren't. Boys are awfully *herdish*, I think, they shy away from anyone who is sort of out of the swim . . . and as I say, High School is like Life and we all know that we have to do a little harmless bluffing now and then, just to cover up our hearts which might get too badly bruised, sometimes, if they were left uncovered. So I mean, if some boy says to you, 'what did you do Friday night?' tell him, 'why, I went to the Grove, of course', even if you didn't. When I went to Hollywood High, you see, Friday night was High School night at the Grove. All the kids went there. In your town, or your city, it's somewhere else . . . but wherever it is, say that you went where the gang went, *even* if you didn't. Say it often enough, and convincingly, yet casually enough, and the time will come when you won't have to bluff about it.

"I had a letter from a girl the other day . . . a sad, little letter. She wrote that she didn't know what was the matter with her but none of the girls in her class would have anything to do with her. She sent me a snapshot of herself and I could see that she is very pretty. Well, I have a pretty keen idea of what's the matter with her . . . she probably tried to snatch another girl's beau, without knowing that he had an "X" on him! If you do that in High School you're black-balled as soon as it happens, and even before you know what has happened.

"I know whereof I speak," chuckled Lana, "because it happened to me! When I first went to High School I saw a boy who looked pretty good to me. I began to flirt a little and pretty soon the flirting became mutual. Next thing I knew I wasn't invited anywhere. I sat in my classes and the girls' shoulders were not only cold, they looked like a young orchard of fixed bayonets. I finally got wise to it, the boy had a cross on him! Well, I soon backed out of that and I learned, then, that all girls stick together on this one point. Later on, someone tried to take a boy away from me and believe me, I dished it right back to her!

"I can think of lots of Don't's," laughed Lana, then, looking a little worried, she said, "you don't think they'll think I'm being *preachy*, do you?"

"No," I said, "not *you*, they won't . . ."

"Well, there's this business of driving too fast, especially in the rickety little jalopies most High School kids have. In High School we're apt to think that driving fast is Living, it's Youth, it's Speed . . . only too often it's death and destruction . . ."

"The 'bath-tub' gin racket is another very good thing to keep away from. I honestly don't think there's as much of this sort of thing going on as the Scareheads would have us believe . . . all this hysteria about High School kids smoking marijuana cigarettes, for instance . . . maybe it's so, in some places, all I can say is that I never saw it or heard of it and I never knew anyone who did. It's the same with the 'bath-tub' gin, there's some of it going around of course. There are kids who chip in two cents, three

cents, buy a pint of the poisonous stuff and think they're pretty smart. And it IS poisonous stuff. I honestly believe that drinking is the baddest Bad News there is where kids are concerned. Compared to drinking, I don't think that smoking is anything. After all, smoking doesn't make you go mad and do terrible things that get in the Headlines. Personally, I believe in letting kids smoke if they want to. They're going to, anyway, and then when they're cornered, they lie out of it. And it's certainly a lesser evil to smoke.

"There's the way some kids talk . . . it's considered sort of 'smart' nowadays to say 'damn' and 'hell' and worse—to use profanity sort of casually. I got the habit for a time. I'd say, 'oh, damn these lessons!' and things like that. Then I went to a party one night and heard a girl who *really* swore . . . honey, I was never so ill in my life. It was like being vaccinated—it took!

"I think it's a good idea," said the lovely Lana, with a sudden, lovely gravity, "for High School kids to go to Church now and then, once a week, anyway. I must confess that I didn't go very often when I was going to school. But I do go now. Sometimes on week-days, even. I'll go into a church, often an empty church. It's always so peaceful and quiet, you get a chance to have all the things you've done parade in front of you. You can ask yourself, 'should I have done that or shouldn't I?' You can't talk in church, you're alone with your thoughts. When I have been in church I come out feeling as though I'd been



Priscilla Lane has some fun with unsuspecting Director Michael Curtiz.

thirsty and had taken a cool drink of water, I'm so cool and quiet inside.

"Girls write and ask me about 'petting'—should they or shouldn't they? If they do, what? If they don't, what? I can answer this straight from the shoulder—DON'T! Don't even pet with one or two boys. If you do, they multiply like rabbits. And if you do, your reputation will be High School property because *the boys talk about girls like that*. Whether they like it or not, they do talk. And nothing

kills your popularity like that. The girls despise you for it. The boys despise you for it, too, and don't let them kid you! It IS just like Life, you see, anything that is too easy to get is viewed with a shrug of the shoulder, a laugh behind the back, a certain amount of casual contempt. You're just not taken *seriously*, that's all. And every girl wants to be.

"I don't mean that a girl and boy can't honestly fall in love when they're in High School. I know that they can, and sometimes do. I really believe that if a boy and a girl go through Junior High together, then go together through High School, too, that's the Acid Test. That's apt to be True Love. They Have Something there. Something that may last straight through their lives.

"But too often, oh, much too often, as I know, they are carried away by something so far from True Love it makes you shudder. For instance, there's often a Post-Graduate hanging around a High School, a fellow who's been there for five or six years. He's pretty slick, naturally, knows all the answers, too many answers. Newcomers are apt to be attracted to him and . . . well, I'd say to girls, 'Stay Away!' He's too wise in ways which are not really wise at all . . .

"So many girls nearly wreck their lives before their lives have even begun . . ."

A few minutes later we left the commissary Lana and I . . . She said, "I hope I've been some help to you . . . and to the kids . . ."

I said, "I know you have . . . and they'll write and tell you so, I'll bet!"

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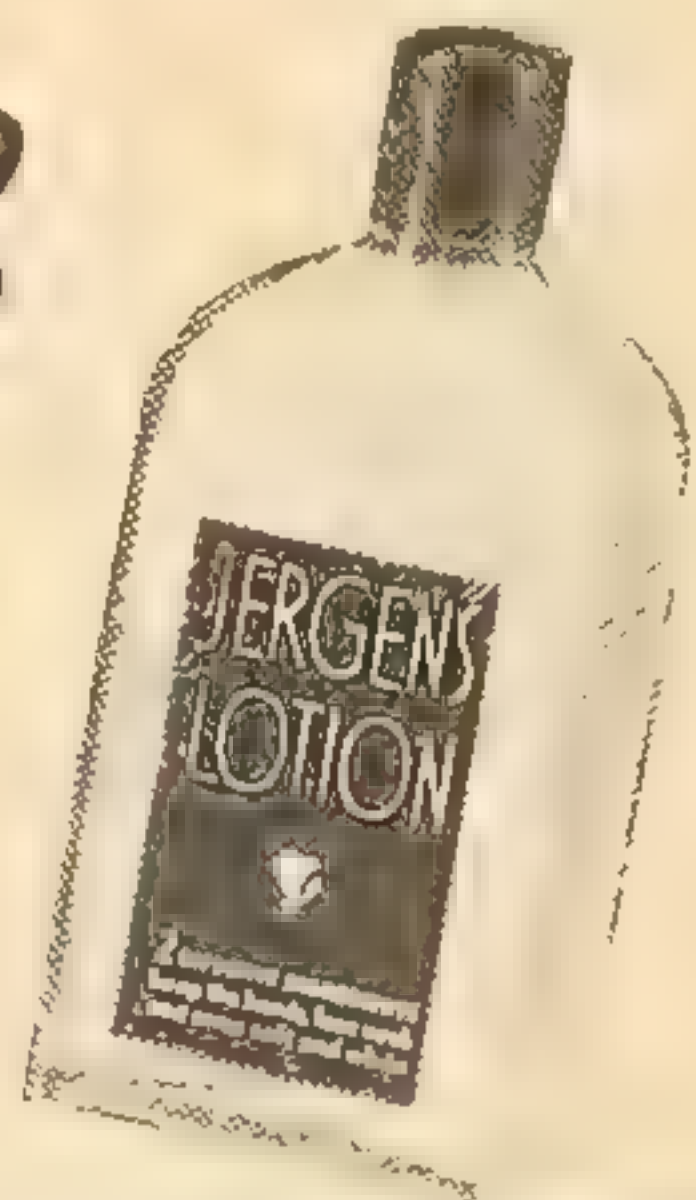
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A Story I Couldn't Tell Till Now

[Continued from page 53]

even a bird's brain to see it wasn't me she was loving, but her own name printed in a magazine and a story about her in which the others would be just the supporting company.

Oh, she had a story, Sally had. All about her family being great shakes down in Virginia and she talked of befoah de wah and deah ol' mammies in cotton turbans and darkies playing banjos in the cotton fields. And she called me honey.

Now if there's one thing I can't stand it's being called honey by someone who's never been south of the Mason Dixon line. And all of the south Sally knew about she'd learned from popular songs and books. Oh, the accent was pretty good even if she did slip up now and then and get in a pronunciation that was as New York as Tenth Avenue. But she didn't know anything about the South, not the way it really is, the way I knew it when I used to spend vacations down there with my grandparents. It was just her bad luck that she first tried that story on a girl whose mother was a southerner and who had learned to whistle Dixie in her cradle.

Of course, I could have taken a crack at her in the story. But I didn't. She seemed too picayune even to slap down. So I gave the others a big play and dismissed her with a line and forgot her. At least, I thought I did.

But it seemed Sally isn't the sort of girl who'll let people forget her.

It was just a few months after that I went to a preview out in Pasadena. I had on a brand new dress that night and a hat I'd hocked my soul for, and a beau. He was new, too, and I was trying so hard to be witty and entertaining that I wasn't paying much attention to the picture until he said, "Gosh! Look at that kid! Has she got everything or am I crazy?"

It was Sally. Wouldn't you know it? She only had a couple of scenes, but that didn't make any difference. If you've ever seen a Grade A, super-special picture snatcher, that was Sally. She had all the tricks of being noticed that seasoned troupers spend years in learning. But that predatory little wench had them down to perfection.

Even when she was only part of the background you couldn't help looking at her. She had a way of teetering on her toes, or twisting her hands or just turning quickly and smiling that wasn't to be ignored.

When her big scene came the whole house broke into applause. She asked for it, if you know what I mean. It's what's known in old vaudeville parlance as milking an audience. Yes, I'm afraid Sally was a girl who could make even movie audiences applaud.

When the picture was over she made a triumphant exit down the aisle on the arm of Gregory Trent. That's not his name either. Yes, I know I'm an old meanie, but what are you going to do about it?

Greg was the glamour boy that season. He was six feet two and his bronzed skin was an ad for the California sun and he had the sort of smile every woman thought he meant for her and her alone. But that night there was no mistake about who his smile was meant for. Not with Sally clinging to his arm in that completely possessive way only clinging vines seem able to achieve.

Greg wasn't the only one who was captivated. The fans went for her the way they do for Crawford. Her arm must have been tired signing autographs that night.

Well, of course, nothing could stop Sally after that. Not that anyone tried to. She was God's gift to her studio. Her name was up in lights in her very next picture. I'd never known a rise to stardom so rapid.

But funny, it wasn't her success that gave her publicity, not her success in pictures I mean. It was her way with the men. I've never seen a star so completely beguiling to the boys as she was. She hooked every new glamour boy who came along. Not that they lasted very long, but as soon as one was gone there'd be another to take his place. You couldn't go anywhere without bumping into her escorted by some star or leading man who was the fan heartbeat of the moment. There she'd be dancing at the Troc or dining at the Brown Derby or cheering the right team at Polo.

Maybe it was that figure of hers, or those wide apart blue eyes or that hair that looked as if a tiny golden cloud had drifted on her head. Yet I don't think it was that. Hollywood is full of girls who have one of those things, or all of them. It was something else, something even I who didn't like her could see.

You looked at her and you thought of a field on a sunny summer day and you could see daisies pushing up in the fresh, tender grass and you felt as if you were a kid again. And it seemed so real you could almost feel the stubbles biting into your feet as you ran barefooted through the grass. It was that young thing in her. It made you feel young, too, watching her. And if there's a man alive who can resist that feeling I'd like to meet him.

I'd watch her sometimes and get a lump in my throat. Then I'd remember I couldn't stand her and I'd be furious at myself for letting her get me.

Like that night in the Hollywood Bowl. I was sitting way, way up in back, partly because that was the seat I could afford and partly because I like the way the music just seems to fold around you back there and you feel as if you've found a corner of Heaven all to yourself. Iturbi was playing that night and I sat there for a while after it was all over just letting myself go in an emotional orgy.

When I finally started to go I saw I wasn't the only one who had stayed after the others. Way down at the end of the row I was sitting in I saw a boy and girl huddled close together. His arm was

[Continued on page 72]

STOO-DENTS!



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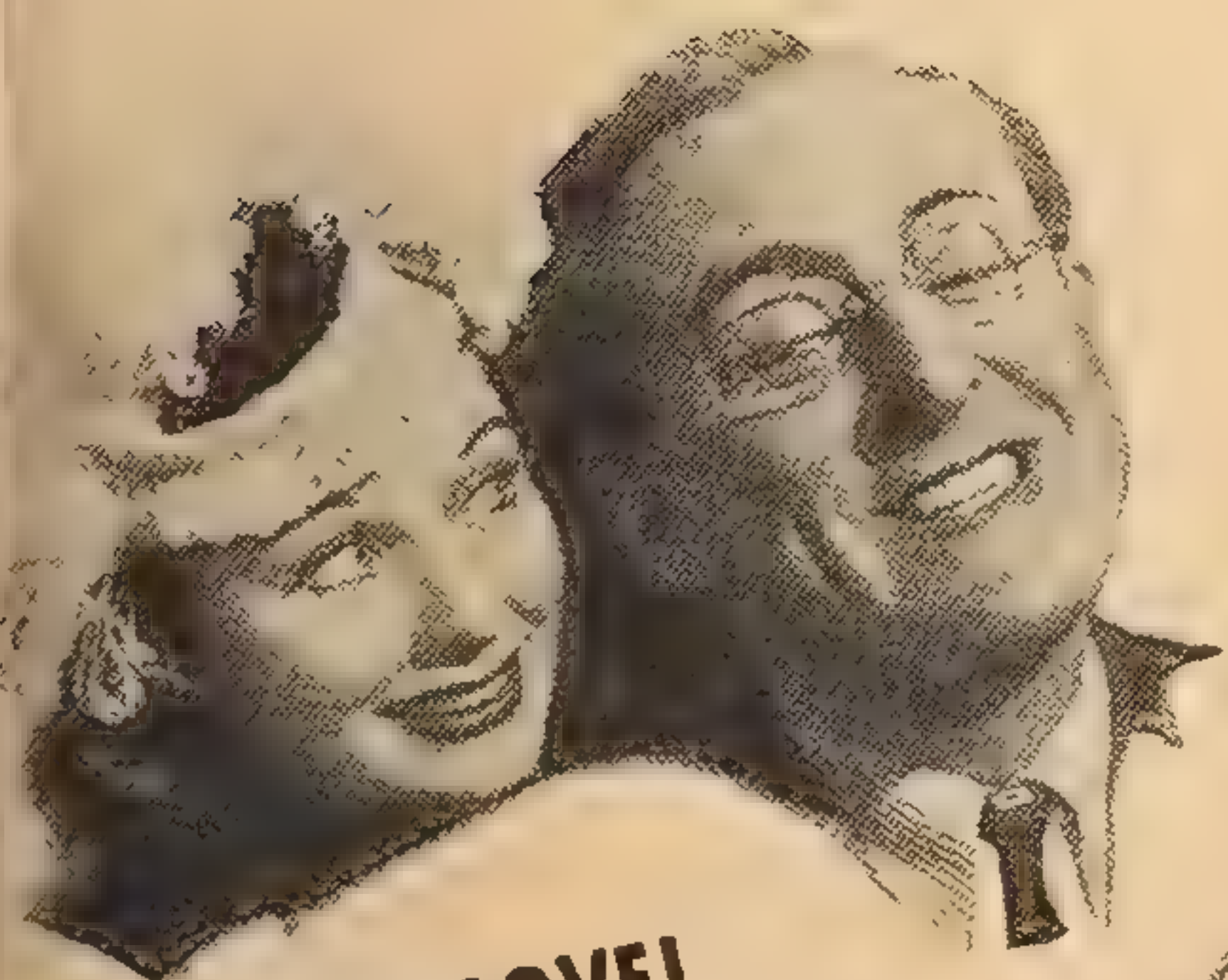
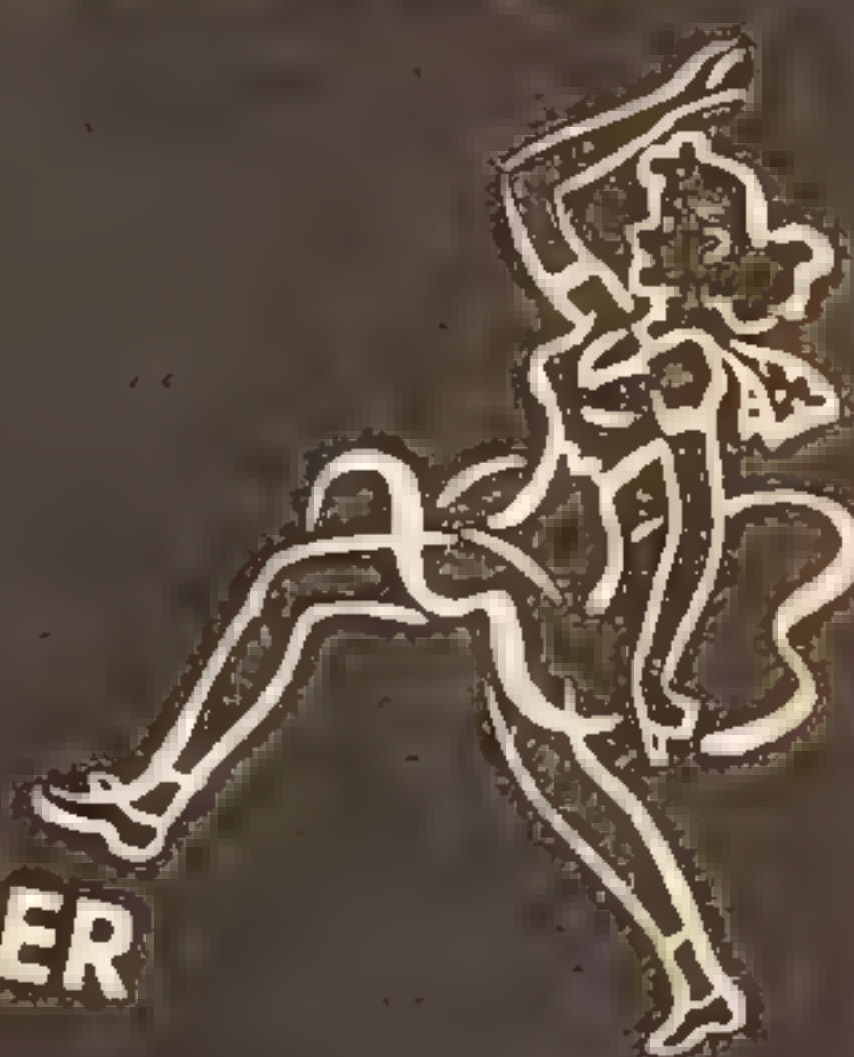


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Screen Play by William Conselman and James V. Kern



MAKING LOVE!

MAKING MUSIC!



"MAKING" HOLLYWOOD!

MAKING FUN!



around her and her face was turned up to his and it was all so breathless and tender and young. I felt like a heel disturbing them. But I was right on them by that time.

The girl turned sharply as I mumbled my excuses in climbing past them and suddenly she tensed and held her head down as if she were avoiding having me see her. It was the gesture that made me look at her, so it really was her own fault that I recognized her. Yes, it was Sally and she looked as if she had been crying.

If it had been anyone else I'd have wanted to put my arms around her, she looked so little and lost and bewildered. But that was probably the part she was playing that night I told myself.

"Hello, Sally," I said feeling mean and spiteful in wanting her to know I had seen her when she so obviously didn't want to be seen. "What are you doing up here among the rabble. Why aren't you down front with the rest of the stars?"

She didn't say anything for a moment, just looked at me like a kid I'd snatched a lollypop from. I'd never felt like such a cat in my life. Then she smiled and began talking in that fake southern accent of hers and I wasn't sorry any more.

"Oh, honey, how perfectly marvelous to see you all," she said and her voice went up and down in little ripples of charm. "This h'yare young man's my cousin from Virginia."

Of course, she wasn't being smart. The young man was no more southern than she was. Only he wasn't pretending to be. He had one of those nice New England voices that make you think of crisp Autumn days and Thanksgiving and needing rugs when you go to football games and all the things you miss out here.

I liked him. Thin and tired looking and shabby as he was he had something that a lot of the glamour boys out here could envy. A quiet sort of charm and a dignity that made you forget his tie was frayed and his suit shiny. And I despised Sally more than ever for the way she almost pushed him down the aisle and away from me. Smarty that I was, I knew she was ashamed of being seen with him.

I suppose it was because I was so boiling mad at the little snob that I gave the item to a Hollywood scandal columnist. He was glad to use it. Sally hadn't made a hit with any of the press. So the next morning I read that Hollywood's favorite glamour girl was sneaking around corners with a studio electrician. I hadn't said he was an electrician, but give any story to a writer and you can bet that he'll improve on it.

One of my pals at her studio told me of the call-down Sally had gotten in the front office because of it. And so I was prepared for the ice I got from her when I ran into her on the set a week or so later.

"Thanks a lot for acting as my personal press agent," she said. "Nice of you, especially since you're not being paid for it."

She was so mad she'd completely forgotten her southern accent. But I liked her better than I ever had before. There was a certain force about her, a forth-

rightness I never dreamed she had. She made me feel petty and small and all the things I despise.

"You know darn well he wasn't your cousin," I said lamely. As if that was any excuse for what I'd done.

"No, he's not," she said, and there really was a kind of dignity about her then.

We didn't say anything more. After all, what was there to say? And we both avoided each other when we met afterwards.

It wasn't long after that Sally became the target of Hollywood's whispering club and God help any one who finds herself in that position. The thing starts at house parties, cocktail parties and dinners, then hints come out in gossip columns, and finally if the whispers are bad enough and the star is unlucky enough it breaks into headlines on the front page of every newspaper in the country.

Sally was slated for the headlines, no doubt about that. There were whispers of the little house down in the desert somewhere and of Sally being seen in shabby clothes that were obviously a disguise, changing half way from her special body limousine to a shabby little cheap car she kept in a garage. But no one seemed able to find the house or identify the man in the case or even actually to know if there was one. But of course there was. A girl like Sally wouldn't be in love with the desert air.

The feature editor of a newspaper called me in. "There's a story there," he said. "Get it. It'll be worth something to you."

And he named a figure that made my head spin. Over five times the amount one of my stories usually brought.

Well, I went to La Quinta and although I knew it was silly I traipsed through the hotels first, having lunch at one and cocktails at another and picking out the best ones for dinner, and staying over night. I wasn't footing the bills; I'd gotten a handsome expense account from the paper. It was fun, but I wasn't finding Sally. I'd just taken a long chance on seeing her at one of them, knowing her fondness for the right places.

I was beginning to think I'd make a pretty poor detective, but I stayed a week traipsing up back roads and peering into the faces of every woman I saw, even one in a mother hubbard hanging out the wash. Then just when I'd about given up I saw her.

She was coming out of a little country store her arms piled high with packages, and she was wearing a faded gingham dress and no stockings and white sneakers. But she had a pink ribbon tied around her curls, and she looked just the prettiest country girl I'd ever seen. My car trailed hers and when it stopped in front of a tiny white house I waited a minute before going on the porch after her and knocking on the door.

She had been smiling and the smile just seemed to freeze on her face when she saw me. She tried to close the door quickly, but then she saw I had seen the man sitting at the typewriter in the room behind her. It was the man she had been with at the Hollywood Bowl.

"Well, come in," she said then and I

did and I don't mind telling you I began hating myself right then.

"Well," she looked at me with a little smile, "this is what you expected isn't it? You're getting quite a story aren't you?"

The man got up and walked toward me. "I'd like to introduce myself," he said and his voice was as cold and formal as I deserved. "I'm Sally's husband," he said.

"No, Don," Sally gave a little sob. "Don't say that. It isn't true. Let her think what she wants to. I can take it."

"Not any more you're not taking it," he said. "You've been doing it long enough. Now it's my turn."

She tried to stop him. But there was no stopping him now. He was like a man possessed in his frenzy to protect her reputation. So he told me about his first wife and of their divorce, and his voice softened when he came to the part about meeting Sally when she was dancing at a night club in New York and how she brought hope back to him and faith and all the things he'd lost. And he told how Sally had turned down an offer from Hollywood, because she was going to marry him.

A newspaper man got hold of the story and wrote a feature yarn about the girl who had turned down Hollywood for love, but when they came back from the minister's the day they were married a woman was waiting for him. She was Don's wife.

She'd been taking alimony from him, but now she saw a richer field. She was after blackmail now, because she had known all the time her divorce wasn't worth the paper it was printed on. It had been the ace she was holding up her sleeve and now she could use it. For Don could be arrested for bigamy.

So Sally had gone to Hollywood knowing it was the only way to make the money the woman was demanding. And then she soon saw she was on a merry-go-round that wouldn't stop, for the more money she made the more Don's wife wanted.

All the time Don was telling the story he stood with his arm around Sally and there was a kind of glory in his eyes when he looked at her. And there were the things he didn't tell that I could see for myself, the typewriter and the batch of manuscripts beside it—and you could see how he had been driving himself trying to help and probably not succeeding. I looked at his shabby clothes and knew that he just couldn't take anything from Sally for himself.

And I thought of Sally and how predatory she had been. But it was different now that I knew why she had been that way. Just one thing mattered to her and that was to get ahead just as fast as she could. Only it wasn't for her ambition or herself that she was trying to get ahead. And I thought of the men she had been seen with and I wondered if maybe it wasn't loneliness as well as the need for publicity that had sent her flying to all those places and if, when she danced, she had been pretending it was Don's arms holding her and, when she smiled, if it wasn't Don she was smiling at.

Oh, it was a story all right. My fingers were itching to get at my typewriter. I

knew what I could do with it. It was the juiciest human interest story that had ever come my way. But it would break a girl's heart and it might send a man to prison.

I saw her eyes pleading, but she didn't say anything. She didn't even ask me not to write it. Sally had learned you couldn't trust anyone very much.

I wrote the story that night. About the glamour girl who had built herself a little hideaway in the desert where she could cook and scrub and keep house to her heart's content and how really at heart Sally Carruth was just like the girl who lived next door to you.

No, of course you didn't read it. It wasn't printed. Editors don't use sap like that. And instead of the big check I didn't get any check at all. But I didn't care. I slept like a log that night.

And two years later I was the only one at the station when Sally and her brand new husband were going back East. Hollywood wasn't bothering with her, because she had slipped so terribly in her last two pictures. Maybe that was because she

didn't care if she was good or not, now that she had finally bought off Don's wife and the desperate need to make money was gone.

Maybe when you're happy and contented you can't act as well as when you're driven and afraid. Maybe being just married and a bride had something to do with it, too. Anyway, it was a long time now since anyone had talked of Sally as a glamour girl.

Oddly enough, I never hated to see anyone go out of my life as much as I did Sally. I had grown to love that girl. I was crying partly because she was going and partly because I knew they were broke for, of course, none of us could know then that Don's book was going to be on the best seller list that winter. We didn't even know then that it was going to be published.

Sally was crying, too, and who could blame her? What girl wouldn't be crying, leaving all the glory and success of Hollywood behind her!

Only Sally was crying because she was so darn happy she couldn't stand it!

Reviews

[Continued from page 46]

really was at that period in history: a proud, vengeful, passionate, high-strung woman, by turns merciful and hard-hearted, but always the Queen of England. The picture is adapted in Technicolor from the Maxwell Anderson Theatre Guild play and tells the story mainly of the romance between Elizabeth and the ambitious Lord Essex, which ends in Essex losing his head in the Tower of London. Errol Flynn plays handsome, swashbuckling Essex, and my, my, he'll fairly take your breath away in those Elizabethan uniforms. Olivia de Havilland, looking like something too beautiful for this world, plays Lady Penelope, who also loves Essex. Donald Crisp plays Sir Francis Bacon, and Alan Hale the Irish rebel Tyrone. The chief plotters in the court intrigue are Vincent Price (*another fine figger of a man*), Henry Stephenson and Henry Daniell. It's an adult picture, as you've probably guessed. And you really shouldn't miss seeing Bette Davis out-act Bette Davis.

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

HOW FILMLAND GREW—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

WHAT could be more interesting to us movie-going folk than a cavalcade of the movies? And that's just what Darryl Zanuck has whipped up for us in beautiful Technicolor with lavish settings. The film begins with the early silent days and takes us up through the years to the first talking pictures. Included in the early history of Hollywood, of course, are those pie-throwing comedies (*with Buster Keaton playing himself*), the slapstick Keystone Kop cycle, and the Mack Sennett Bathing Beauty films. Two black and white remakes of old time comedies, complete with piano accompaniment, are alone worth the price of admission. The plot concerns Michael Linnett Connors (*Don Ameche*) a headstrong young Irishman who gets in on the ground floor of the movies, and brings to Hollywood pretty

Molly Adair (*Alice Faye*) just in time to get her plastered with pies. Together they traverse the history of Hollywood, its joys and sorrows, its kicks in the pants, its humiliations, and its triumphs, right up to the time when Al Jolson sings in "The Jazz Singer" and starts a revolution in the cinema. Alice Faye runs the gamut from slapstick to intense drama and gives a perfectly grand performance. Alan Curtis, as the handsome young leading man who falls in love with Molly Adair and marries her, gets a break at last in this picture and will doubtless get better parts in the future. J. Edward Bromberg stands out as a financier. In for nostalgic peeps are Ben Turpin, Mack Sennett and Chester Conklin.

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

GOOD AND SPOOKY—*Paramount*

BY FAR the best murder mystery that Hollywood has treated us to in a long, long time. A good dose of comedy, in the shape of one Bob Hope, has been injected into this old melodrama, and now along with the goose-pimpling thrills and chills come some of the best laughs of the season. Paulette Goddard is co-starred with Bob Hope and gives a fine performance as the young heiress who is almost scared out of her wits. Bob never has been better on the screen. The story, which you probably remember, takes place in a spooky old house down in the New Orleans bayous. Ten years after his death rich and eccentric Uncle Cyrus' will is to be read in his home at midnight—and his relatives have gathered for the reading of the will. By the first will Paulette is made the sole heir, but ah, there is a second will naming another heir in case anything happens to the first heir. What a night she puts in, murder, secret passages, spirits, and things. Among the heirs—and I won't tell you whodunit—are John Beal, Douglass Montgomery, Elizabeth Patterson, Nydia Westwood and Bob, himself. George Zucco plays the lawyer and Gale Sondergaard the Creole housekeeper. Plenty jittery.

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INTERMEZZO

PRESENTING A NEW SCANDINAVIAN SENSATION—Selznick-International

INGRID BERGMAN makes her American debut in this beautiful and pleasantly emotional film that concerns a love affair in the life of a middle-aged musician. And believe us, Miss Bergman is definitely someone to get excited about. Not since the arrival in Hollywood of the mystery-loving Garbo has there been so much excitement over a Scandinavian. The Bergman is beautiful in a strong sort of way, talented, womanly, and sincere, and as soon as Hollywood can lure her out of Sweden again she is set for a whole slue of pictures. Leslie Howard is cast as a world famous violinist who, home from one of his tours, meets Miss Bergman who is giving piano lessons to his little eight year old daughter (*Ann Todd*). They fall in love and when Leslie goes on his next tour she goes with him as his accompanist. There follows an idyllic Mediterranean romance which is interrupted by a lawyer with divorce papers. Leslie, deserted by the heart-broken Miss Bergman, returns to his wife and children. Edna Best plays the wife. It's a beautiful picture, eloquently directed by Gregory Ratoff, and definitely not for the jitterbugs.

THE ROARING TWENTIES

CAGNEY GOES TO TOWN—Warners

IN "The Roaring Twenties," Warner Brothers' nostalgic flash-back to the prohibition, gangster era, James Cagney returns to the hard-hitting, fast-moving type of action picture which made him famous and popular with motion picture audiences.

Mr. Cagney has occasionally protested such roles, but when he is persuaded to play one of them he turns in a bitterly true and invariably exciting performance. "The Roaring Twenties" as visualized on paper by Mark Hellinger, might possibly have been only another rootin', tootin', shootin' gangster film if Jimmy hadn't taken the leading role neatly in hand to make it a real characterization.

Priscilla Lane manages very well as a young night club singer who, strangely enough, does not love gangster Cagney, but Lawyer Jeffrey Lynn instead. Humphrey Bogart, still unredeemed and Frank McHugh, still funny, help materially. Raoul Walsh directed the exciting, bullet-punctuated story with all his old-time enthusiasm. This movie really moves.

BABES IN ARMS

JUVENILE JAMBOREE—M-G-M

NOTHING could be more welcome to tired old movie-goers than this brightest of musicals which fairly scintillates with music, comedy, and junior stars. The inimitable Mr. Mickey Rooney, who is rapidly becoming Box Office Star No. One, fairly walks away with the picture though he gets some pretty stiff competition from Judy Garland. Together those two youngsters are really something to write home about. Mickey does everything—he sings, dances, plays piano, mugs, and does some marvelous imitations of Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. The story harks back to the old days when vaudeville was

in flower (with a real honest to goodness shot of Mickey doing a tap dance in an old Educational short), but is quickly brought up to date. The children of the old-timers do a musical show out on Long Island which catches the eye of a New York producer and to the amazement of their parents they land on Broadway. Of course, Mickey is the director of the show and there are all kinds of calamities, particularly when Baby Rosalie (*June Preisser*) a one time "baby star" in the movies, decides to make her comeback in Mickey's show and buys her way in—thus depriving poor Judy of the lead. Betty Jaynes and Douglas McPhail share song honors with Judy. The standout songs are, "Babes in Arms," "Where or When," "I Cried for You," "Good Morning" and "God's Country." Among the few adults in the cast are Charles Winninger and Grace Hayes as Mickey's parents, and Guy Kibbee as an understanding judge. It's grand fun.

AT THE CIRCUS

HILARIOUS HODGE PODGE—M-G-M

THE Three Marx Brothers, Groucho, Chico, and Harpo, use a circus background in their newest picture. Kenny Baker owns the circus and is trying to get \$10,000 to pay off a loan so he can keep the circus going. The Marx boys pitch right in to help him, and there are some very good gags and amusing situations. Highspots in the picture are when Harpo plays his harp, aided by a negro choral ensemble, and Chico cracks out with the Beer Barrel Polka on the piano. Florence Rice and Kenny Baker carry the love interest and Kenny sings one song. Groucho and Eve Arden have a swell scene where Groucho has to consult the Hays Office as to how he can get the money out of the top part of her dress.

20,000 MEN A YEAR

A COURSE IN AVIATION—
Twentieth-Century Fox

THIS picture gets its title from the government's project to train 20,000 young men for civilian flying in schools supervised by the C. A. A. The story, written by Commander Frank Wead, is almost as good as a course in aviation. Randy Scott plays a crack pilot who is too old for the service and who is enlisted by the C. A. A. to teach a course in flying. Robert Shaw, a youth who is afraid of flying, is his main problem, but of course Robert comes through bravely in the end with flying colors, thanks to efforts of both Randy and of George Ernest, another student. When Randy isn't busy with his pupils he is romancing the lovely Margaret Lindsay.

ALLEGHENY UPRISING

REDCOATS AND REDSKINS BITE THE
DUST—RKO

HERE'S another of those outdoor action pictures which have been so popular ever since "Stagecoach" rattled across the western plains. This story is based on fact and tells of the efforts of the Allegheny Valley settlers (*Pennsylvania on the eve of the Revolution*) to protect their homes and property against the plunderings of the Indians. The coonskin cap settlers are forced to take up arms against the British military who are illicitly selling firearms and whiskey to the marauding Indians, and the capturing of a British outpost is the high spot of the picture. Claire Trevor and John Wayne (*of "Stagecoach" fame*) are romantically teamed again. George Sanders plays a British officer, and Brian Donlevy an Indian trader. Grand in minor roles are Eddie Quillan and Robert Barrat.

Topics for Gossip

[Continued from page 21]

brought no less than five acquaintances whom she believes to have talent to CBS studios for auditions. All were declared to show promise and several may soon win contracts, studio officials say.

Constance Bennett left Hollywood this month for Eastern key cities on her first personal appearance tour following an initial appearance in Portland, Oregon, where she broke all records. There was simply no doubt but what the Portlandites were ga-ga over Bennett. They stormed the box-office, threw bits of paper into the air, and sent Connie on her way with plenty of raves. Interesting that though the Bennetts have been associated with the theatre for years, this was actually the first time Constance ever faced an audience from behind the footlights.

Because a movie brought close to him the problems of the "Okies" (*California's horde of migratory workers*) Henry Fonda is "adopting" a family. The star of "The Grapes of Wrath," who went into the "Okie" camps near Bakersfield and Kernville to study how the people lived so that he might play the film role accurately, hired the family to stay on his 325 acre ranch near San Diego and serve as caretakers. They—a father, mother

and four youngsters—all had been working as cotton pickers whenever they could find a few days' labor. Fonda plans to put other "Okies" on his ranch payroll as he develops the property. He bought the acreage, which has not been cultivated, a few months ago.

Mickey Rooney, man about town, was prevailed upon by his studio to take Judy Garland to the premiere of their co-starring picture, "Babes in Arms." Mickey muttered something about "robbing the cradle," but complied.

After the opening, at which Judy looked every curve the glamour girl, Mickey was found by a group of his friends in the men's lounge in deep thought.

"Wouldn't it be funny," he mused, "if, after all the women I've known . . . I married Judy!"

Una Merkel is doing all right in pictures—what with "On Borrowed Time" and "Destry Rides Again"—but she wouldn't have to worry even if the studios closed down: Hubby Ronnie Burla is an executive in the North American Airways Corporation, which has just received a \$10,000,000 order from Uncle Sam.

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG
FILL THE SCREEN AS M-G-M THRILLS
THE WORLD WITH ITS GAY, DASHING, MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

Behold the beauty of
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Massey as she hears
throbbing love-lyrics
from impassioned
Nelson Eddy! (His great-
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Based upon the Play "Balalaika"
Book and Lyrics by Eric Maschwitz
Music by George Posford and
Bernard Grün

Directed by Reinhold Schunzel
Produced by Lawrence Weingarten
AN M-G-M PICTURE



A woman with dark, wavy hair is smiling and looking towards the camera. She is wearing a blue and red costume with white stars and gold embroidery. She is holding a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes in her hands. The pack is white with gold and blue accents and features the Chesterfield logo and the word 'CIGARETTES'.

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